



**THE Leatherneck**

THE MARINES' MAGAZINE

COPY 25c

JUNE 1943

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## THE Leatherneck

MAGAZINE OF THE U. S. MARINES

The Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye, S. E.,  
Washington, D. C.

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JUNE, 1943

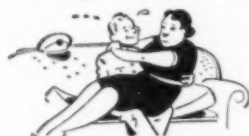
# On all fronts— it's Jockey Y-Front



TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

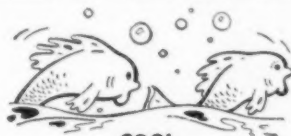
Jockey Short

Service men, all over the world, are finding their old peace-time friend, Jockey Underwear, in a new color—Olive Drab, the new official color for G.I. underwear. The advantage of the O.D. color is that it is difficult for the enemy to see. For furlough wear you can still get Jockey in white.



#### MILD SUPPORT

Only with Jockey by Coopers do you get the patented Y-front construction that puts an end to squirming, and gives mild, masculine support. Be sure then, that "Jockey" and "Coopers" are on the label.



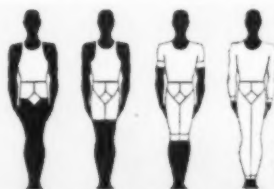
#### COOL

Jockey is cool as an ocean zephyr. That's because its porous knit fabric absorbs perspiration, dries quickly, and gives your pores the chance to breathe that they crave in hot climates.



#### NO BIND

In Jockey you're free as an unmounted mustang. Tailored to fit you, Jockey hasn't a chance to crawl, bind, or creep. Wear Jockey under khaki shorts in the tropics—look smarter—feel better.



Short Midway Over-Knee Long

#### Two piece—contoured shirts to match

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THE BOX IS THE BOWL!

TEAR OPEN, ADD MILK—EAT!



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FIRST developed and perfected by Kellogg!  
FIRST to be used by the armed forces!

● Now it is not only possible but *easy* to include cereal in the men's meals even under adverse service conditions.

Tested by organizations using mess kits without bowls, tested on maneuvers, on troop trains, the practicality of Kellogg's Kel-Bowl-Pac has been proved conclusively in every branch of the armed services.

Men choose a home-style breakfast from 4 delicious, oven-crisp Kellogg's Cereals. And all of these cereals supply whole grain nutritive values in Thiamin (Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>), Niacin, and Iron.

Prove for yourself the many advantages . . . the time and work saving features of using *Kel-Bowl-Pac* for your organization.



1. Run thumb nail along perforated line. Crease and turn back flaps.



2. Cut inner wax paper bag down center and along top and bottom.



3. Fold bag edges back.



4. Pour on milk, and eat from Pac.

Kellogg's Cereals in family-size packages may be obtained under Contract Bulletin No. 8, dated January 14, 1943

4 DELICIOUS

# Kellogg's CEREALS

- ★ Corn Flakes
- ★ Rice Krispies
- ★ Pep
- ★ Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes



# G.E. Salutes

## THE MEN IN THE SERVICES

### Don't Let the Signal Corps Surprise You

THERE'S a word that those fellows who are wearing the crossed flags of the Signal Corps like to use. It's "electronics," and they're working with it every day now. When they mention it, they might be talking about anything from a television set to any one of the instruments that are their own special military devices.

Actually, all this mystery centers in the vacuum tube which you will find in any walkie-talkie set. If you've ever fixed an ailing radio, you have dabbled in the science of electronics. When you were being X-rayed by the service doctors, you were seeing electronics at work. For that matter, the last chocolate bar you ate was very likely inspected by an electronic device for purity.

So, the next time the subject of electronics comes up, you, too, can be an authority. There's this reassurance: the tallest tales you can think up probably won't be too far from the truth.



### Buck Private Electronics

ELECTRONIC devices have ranks the same as men in the army, navy, or marines. One high-ranking device, for instance, goes to sea as the best lookout any ship ever had. It can peer through the soupiest fog and detect icebergs, other ships, or coral reefs. Another instrument serves as an MP and guards war factories against saboteurs. Then, as in all the services, somebody has to do KP chores—for example, in the electronics organization, a device that does this kind of job can detect that imperfect orange in a carton of good ones every time.



### The Point...

... of all this is that electronics is a game that Americans know how to play. Americans—like Edison and Langmuir and De Forest—have made some of the most outstanding contributions to the science. Today our scientists are seeing to it that all sorts of electronic devices are constantly at work to help you smash the Axis.



*ASIDE TO G-E MEN—Would you like the address of a G-E buddy now in the service? Maybe we could get it. Also, are you receiving your WORKS NEWS or G-E MONOGRAM? Write G.E., Dept. 6-318, Schenectady, N. Y.*

# GENERAL ELECTRIC



## A FIGHTER'S WATCH NEEDS STAMINA, TOO!

And CROTON waterproof watches are quality-built to "take" it—to withstand rough treatment and still keep accurate time. *There are none better at any price!*

The Watch  
that Winds  
Itself



**AQUAMATIC**—Waterproof, shockproof, non-magnetic, 17 jewels. Has luminous dial, sweep second hand, unbreakable glass, waterproof strap, all steel case . . . \$45.00

Tells Time  
to the  
Second



**AQUAMEDICO**—Waterproof, shockproof, non-magnetic, 17 jewels. Has sweep second hand, luminous dial, unbreakable glass, waterproof strap. (A) \$33.50 (B) \$29.95

Send for FREE folder illustrating these and other CROTON waterproof watches. Croton Watch Company, 48 West 48th Street • New York

**Croton**  
WATCHES  
FOR ALL TIME SINCE 1878

## THE STRAIGHT DOPE

### HEADLINE: Dentist Pulls Two From Wreck.

The agriculture department announced that supplies of dry beans would be about 14 per cent greater this year than expected. Will they ever run short of 'em?

One government agency said it would have to print 190,000,000 copies of Ration Book No. 1, 150,000,000 copies of Book No. 2, and 150,000,000 copies of Book No. 3. The books and forms will use 19,000,000 pounds of paper. Thought: If paper were only ammunition.

Why hasn't someone made a movie in which Frankenstein meets Hitler?

The story went on to say, "They were dreadfully in love." What was so dreadful about it?

Continued bombing of Italy should put Mussolini in a quandary. Pretty soon he won't have a balcony left to stand on.

From a movie gossip column: If Barbara Stanwyck's bad luck with domestic help continues, she may have to do her own housework. In the past year she has lost three successive butlers to the armed forces, a cook and a maid to the defense industries and another cook to the army." What about Robert Taylor? He enlisted too, didn't he? Or wasn't he much good around the house.

Hope springs eternal dept.: The University of Kansas is spending \$300 to repair the football stadium's press box—despite the fact the school has no football coach and the armed forces will soon have almost all the players.

Where have we heard this before? "I have to stand in line in the morning to brush my teeth, stand in line for my breakfast, stand in line for lunch, stand in line at the movies, stand in . . . etc., etc." Complaint of a government girl working in Washington, D. C.

Italian newspapers are trying to cheer up the people by writing about a new "secret weapon." The main

problem is how fast can they retreat with it.

Did you hear about the wife of the Scotch miller? Every night she took him into the kitchen and dusted him off in order to make biscuits.

Underground rumors from Czechoslovakia say that Hitler will shoot himself, Himmler will be shot and Goering will parachute into safety in Sweden. Czech and double Czech.

Suggested movie title: "Dr. Kildaire Operates on Andy Hardy." And what about the line: Mickey Rooney may have a fluttery heart, but he's still hale and (Andy) Hardy.

Oldtime Star Monte Blue has a role in the picture, "Edge of Darkness." Ever hear the old song about him? "Gee, I'm Monte Blue for you . . ." All right, we'll stop.

Surrealist Dali explains himself in such terms as "In the estheticophilosophic parts of my research x x x x discovered morphological principles x x x x." You can add that to the "Aw, Nuts" department, where it belongs.

Quotable quote by Representative Paul Shafer of Michigan: "Someone has suggested we change the name of OPA to OPU."

Reddest face belongs to Corporal William Herron of Tennessee. Arriving from Florida, he unpacked



his barracks bag and pulled out, among other unfamiliar unmentionables, feminine scanties. He decided he must have got his bag mixed up with one belonging to a WAAC. Sounds logical, Corporal.

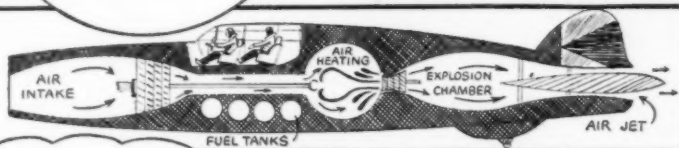
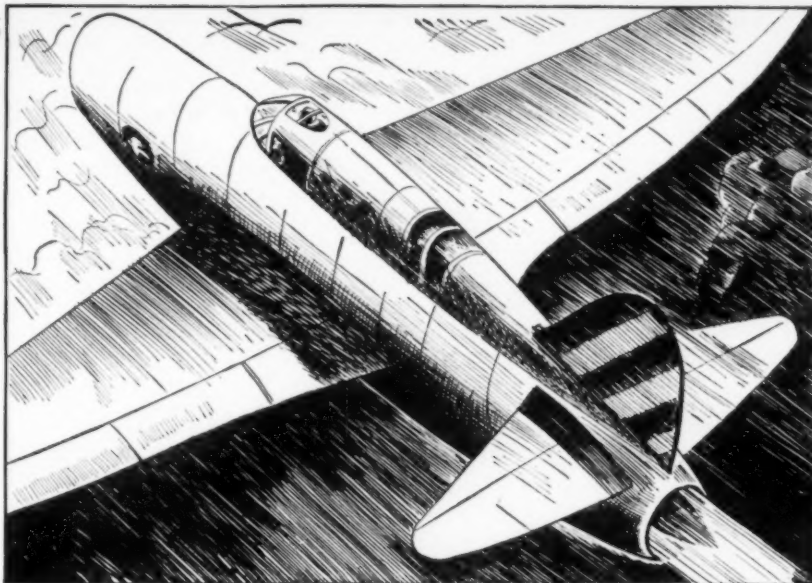
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THE LEATHERNECK

# Rocket Plane!

SENSATIONAL NEW WEAPON  
FOR VICTORY IN THE AIR

AIR JET  
EXPLODING FROM  
FUSELAGE  
DRIVES  
REVOLUTIONARY  
NEW AIRSHIP



I'M A WALKIE-TALKIE FOR  
PRINCE ALBERT'S MILD, NO-BITE  
TASTE JOY. AND HOW P.A.  
ROLLS! FAST, EASY, SMOOTH

BUY  
WAR BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS



**70**  
fine roll-your-own ciga-  
rettes in every handy pocket  
package of Prince Albert

**50**  
pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every  
handy pocket package of Prince Albert

**PRINCE  
ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# CARRY ON

## OLDEST PFC?

SIRS:

Please inform Pfc. Lawrence R. Kopet, N.O.B., M.E., Sitka, Alaska, to stop wondering about being the ranking Private First Class in the Marine Corps. (See LEATHERNECK, February, 1943.) His appointment is dated 11 May, 1939, while I have one which dates from 7 September, 1938!

PFC. THOMAS V. MULLINAX  
Signal Co.—1st M.A.C.

SIRS:

I want to challenge Pfc. Lawrence Kopet. My appointment reads "appointed to rank from 31 August, 1937." I was given this appointment when I enlisted for the second time. I wear a service stripe and have a clean record.

Here is another record: I have acted as orderly for six admirals: Halsey, Horne, Towers, Sherman, Fort and Bellinger.

I hope some of our new Marine Corps six months' sergeants read this.

PFC. JAMES B. CHAPIN  
M.D., U.S.S. North Carolina  
(Any takers?—Eds.)

## FROM A SOLDIER

SIRS:

First, congratulations on a top-rate publication. Dog-face that I am, I've enjoyed every copy that I've seen, and they've all been well-worn editions too.

Secondly, I wish to make public apology for my previous lack of esteem for the United States Marine Corps. During my years of service, my contacts with the Marine Corps have been made almost entirely during peacetime, and the men were not representative of your high traditions. I've come to know you now; I've fought with you, lived with you, shared the last of water, and puffed the same cigarette, and my opinion has changed. Men who can crack wise about the Army, and take it back about the Corps, while tired, dirty, and hungry, and trying to keep their heads down, beneath a siege of fire, well . . . they're alright for my dough. I've lived with 'em, liked 'em, and buried some of them, and will admit I've cried like a boob over some of 'em, and some I've known only a short while too.

I hope this will square me with you guys. I've come to admit cockiness in a Marine, admire his fighting ability and respect his respect for the Corps.

Now then, just a word for mutual understanding, we're not all draftees you know, we're as many volunteers as you have strength in the Marine Corps. Secondly, we men overseas aren't U.S.O. boys (as most Marines imply), and we don't like the inference. Sure we travel with our bands, our movies, and entertainments, but did you ever count the Marines at our shows????? We're glad to have you with us though, remember that! Just a final thought now:

"It's not our fault you go in alone, and first, we're takin' orders too, So keep on fightin' buddy, we'll soon be joinin' you.  
'Carry on' there Leatherneck, we're comin' right behind,  
And when the fightin' eases up, the Army's with you, on the line."

SGT. EDWARD CAIN, USA.

In the Southwest Pacific.

(Youse Army guys are pretty good too! For another poem by Sergeant Cain, see Gyrene Gyngles, page 46.—Eds.)

## PFC SWAMI

SIRS:

I have the greatest praise for GIST and Pvt. Swami and recommend his promotion to PFC. This rank is more appropriate for his political earbanging and also because he sticks his neck out despite the most difficult circumstances. However, he does all right as a rule and I think his only fault is his humble inferiority complex in "Alibi Corner."

PVT. G. KAETING.  
M.B., N.A.S., North Island,  
San Diego, California.

## DC-3 FLYING FORTRESS?

SIRS:

The caption on the picture on page 5, April issue of THE LEATHERNECK, on the movie "Air Force" says the plane is a "DC-3." This is incorrect. It is a B-17, a Boeing Flying Fortress. . . .

PVT. DEL M. HANSON  
PV. ERNEST J. McCANDLESS  
Plt. 246, R.D.  
M.C.B., San Diego, Calif.

(We are still trying to find out how a "DC-3" got in that caption when the story very plainly brings out the fact it was a Flying Fortress. Unable to figure out the mystery, we have but one conviction—gremlins did it.—Eds.)



THE KIDS next door see more of their father than ours do—and he's a sea-going Marine.

## FOR CORPORAL BANGLE

SIRS:

THE LEATHERNECK really is super and while reading some of the letters, I came across one written by Corporal Bangle. I agree with him, women should not be in the service. Why don't they stay at home and keep the home fires burning? The only service I would be interested in is the Red Cross. Don't you agree with me, Corporal?

MISS CAROLINA BERNINI  
Flushing, L. I.

## PRAISE FOR McCULLOCH

SIRS:

Sergeant Frank W. McCulloch should be congratulated for his able effort and comparison in "The Graves of Gavutu" in February Gyrene Gyngles.

Only a man who has seen them die, and been close to it himself, could visualize such a scene.

SGT. B. J. BARNETT  
Hqtrs., Dept. of the Pacific  
San Francisco, Calif.

you have  
**FIRST CALL** on



WALTER H. JOHNSON CANDY CO. CHICAGO

THE LEATHERNECK



## ADD HUMANITES

SIRS:

Today I received a copy of the January LEATHERNECK. In it, I read the article written by George Berry Holden, "Humanites," and, as one Marine to another, I'm wondering. . . .

Men in this war are taught to kill, but a man can have "something" inside him that, by versing it, relieves that "something." Ask Holden if he has ever been 10,000 miles from home, on foreign ground, no mail from home for months; ask him if he has ever been on the front lines in a hole, with mud, rain, heat and stink; if he's ever slept and lived for days in his clothes, nothing to eat but rations, with stinking Japs around him, eating chow that flies sample who have just had a bloated carcass for an "entree"; or has had his buddies killed by his side; ever got into his "sack" consisting of a poncho "sans" mattress only to be awakened by the wail of an air-raid siren, heard the roar of enemy bombers or the whistle of a nice big "daisy-cutter" and ran like Hell for a fox-hole, anywhere from 10 to 4 in the morning, skinning his hands, knees and face with cuts that don't heal; lay there and listened to the shrill whine of shrapnel, wishing like Hell he was back home under Ma's nice sheets.

If he has indulged in any of these, I most sincerely and humbly render my apologies.

PFC. PAUL R. ZIDEK

2nd Marine Division

## NO ADDITIONAL STRIPE

SIRS:

On February 10, First Sergeants of the Marine Corps were placed in the first pay grade. It is a question of general discussion as to what kind of chevron they are supposed to wear.

It is understood that the Army is wearing the chevron with six stripes and it is the opinion of some officers in our area that we should wear six stripes (same as a Sergeant Major). Some of the other officers seem to think that the present status of First Sergeants is only a wartime expedient and will revert back to the second pay grade when the war is over.

1ST SGT. HOWARD E. PYLES

Amphibious Corps, Pacific Fleet  
Camp Elliott

SIRS:

In reference to AllNav No. 26/43, dated 12 February, 1943, information is desired as to whether First Sergeants should wear first pay grade chevrons.

1ST SGT. JOHN L. WILLIAMS

M.B., Navy Yard  
Portsmouth, Va.

SIRS:

Do First Sergeants now in the first pay grade wear the chevrons of a Gunnery Sergeant or those of a Sergeant Major?

1ST SGT. ROY L. FOX

M.B., N.M.D.  
Yorktown, Va.

(Although the War Department has authorized Army First Sergeants of the first pay grade to wear the three up—three down of a Sergeant Major, Head-

(Turn to page 10)

## Distinguished Service to United States Equipment Since 1890

Yes, for more than 50 years—through war and peace—GRIFFIN Polishes and Dressings have contributed to the guardianship of leather equipment used by all the Services.

A daily shine with GRIFFIN ABC WAX POLISH or GRIFFIN LOTION CREAM not only keeps your shoes bright and new-looking—but the fine oils and waxes also help protect and preserve the leather...make it look better and last longer. That's why the last five yearly sales surveys of Army Post Exchanges, Commissaries, Navy Ship's Stores, and Coast Guard Canteens showed that GRIFFIN outsold all other brands combined!



# GRIFFIN

The Greatest Name in Shoe Polish

## COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



### "COME CLEAN"

BELLOWED THE SERGEANT  
I DIDN'T GET IT UNTIL  
THE BOYS TOLD ME  
ABOUT THOSE CLEAN,  
SMOOTH SHAVES WITH  
**COLGATE RAPID  
SHAVE CREAM!**



GET



AT YOUR P.X.  
OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE



### Us Tars are Tarzans

WITH THE GALS SINCE WE  
LEARNED HOW TO GET THE  
CHEEK YOU LOVE TO STROKE  
WITH EASY-ON-THE-SKIN  
**COLGATE RAPID SHAVE!**

### I LIKE SMALL BUBBLES

'CAUSE THEY COME IN  
GOOD THINGS... IN  
CHAMPAGNE, AND IN THE  
SMALL BUBBLE LATHER OF  
**COLGATE RAPID SHAVE  
CREAM** THAT MAKES  
HIS SKIN LIKE VELVET!

*Happy swallows!* No bitterness



*Just the kiss of the hops*



—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter

brew. You'll always want that famous flavor found only in SCHLITZ.



Capt. F.O.G. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE LEATHERNECK

# MEN IN THE CORPS -



CORPORAL CONRAD ALBERT OF MADAWASKA, MAINE, TELLS A STORY OF A BIG BLONDE SWEDISH WHO CRACKED A RIFLE OVER THE CRANIUM OF ONE JAP — TURNED IN TIME TO GRAB A SABER THRUST FROM A JAUNICED OFFICER AND PROCEEDED TO CUT THE OFFICER'S HEAD OFF.

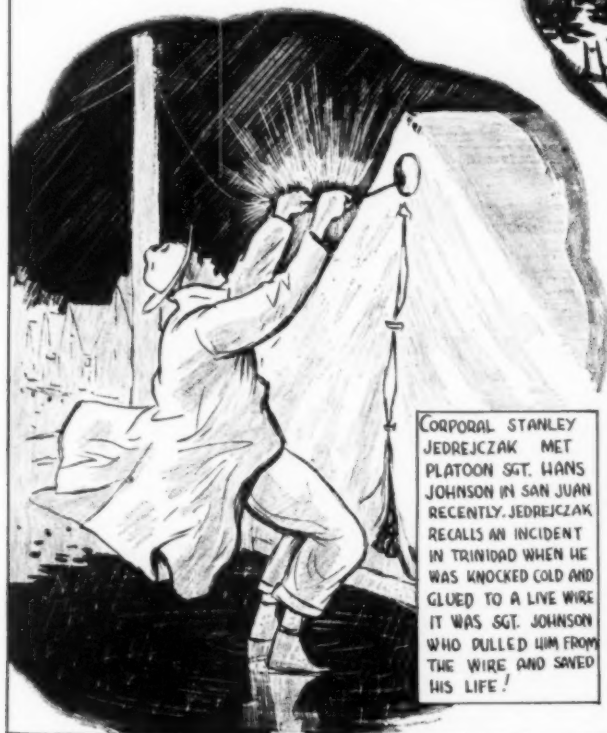


WITH A DESTROYER LAYING DOWN A BARRAGE, ENDANGERING THE POSITION OF MARINES, A PRIVATE DASHED THROUGH JAP LINES, THREW OFF HIS PACK, RAN 500 YDS TO THE BEACH AND SWAM 200 YDS TO ASK THE COMMANDER TO HOLD HIS FIRE WHILE THE MARINES BROKE THROUGH.

THOMAS S. MONTGOMERY — WHO WAS RED CROSS FIELD DIRECTOR ON GUADALCANAL, IS SIX FEET EIGHT AND A HALF. THEY CALL HIM TINY. A FEW OF THE ARTICLES HE BROUGHT: 1000 BOOKS, 2000 SEWING KITS, 2500 CAKES OF SOAP, 1000 CIGARS, 5000 TINS OF SNUFF, 250 PKGS CHEWING TOBACCO, 2500 TOOTHBRUSHES, 40,000 SHEETS OF STATIONERY, 1000 DECKS OF CARDS, 5000 PKGS OF GUM, 500 LBS OF CANDY — ALONG WITH A WASHING MACHINE, SHORT WAVE RADIOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC. — THESE ARE JUST A FEW.



WANDERING ABOUT IN THE JUNGLE — TINY MET A GROUP OF MARINES AND OFFERED THEM SMOKES. "SAY FELLAS," HE ASKED, "AREN'T WE PRETTY CLOSE TO THE FRONT LINES NOW?" ASTONISHED ONE MARINE SAID, "FRONT LINES WELL — THEY'RE HALF A MILE BEHIND US — THIS IS A PATROL!"



CORPORAL STANLEY JEDREJCZAK MET PLATOON SGT. HANS JOHNSON IN SAN JUAN RECENTLY. JEDREJCZAK RECALLS AN INCIDENT IN TRINIDAD WHEN HE WAS KNOCKED COLD AND GLUED TO A LIVE WIRE. IT WAS SGT. JOHNSON WHO DULLED HIM FROM THE WIRE AND SAVED HIS LIFE!



CORPORAL LLOYD CHATT OF BELOIT, WISCONSIN AND SGT. ERNEST KUYSHNER OF DETROIT, CHASED OUT SEVEN JAPS FROM BEHIND A BUSH THEY HAD SEEN MOVING. WHAT THE SEVEN JAPS DIDN'T KNOW, WAS THAT THE MARINES HAD BUT ONE PISTOL AND FIVE SHOTS.

D. GRASS



## CARRY ON

(Continued from page 7)

quarters, Marine Corps says Marine Corps First Sergeants will continue to wear Gunnery Sergeant's ratings.—Eds.)

## INSPECTION

Sirs:

Frankly, some of us regulars are damned ashamed of the appearance of some of the newcomers in the Marine Corps. The Corps for years and years has been distinctive for many reasons, one of which was the pride the men took in their appearance. Without being continually told, we knew better than to go on liberty with shoes unshined and uniforms not well pressed. We didn't have to be told about these things, we were that proud of the Corps. So it makes us sore as hell to walk down the street and see some hoot ambling along with his hands in his pockets, his leather unbuckled, his greens unpressed. Some of them look very bad. Why don't their NCO's teach them better? Or better still, why don't they themselves learn not to let the Corps down?

CORP. ARTHUR SWERTHERS,  
New York, N. Y.

## WHAT HAPPENED

Sirs:

Can you tell us what happened when the Armistice was signed and fighting stopped in the last war in so far as the effect on Marines in France? In other words, did the Marines return home immediately or what? Or how long did they stay over there? Would this be an indication of what we can look forward to as soon as this fracas has been won?

PVT. JAMES SMITHISON,  
New River, N. C.

(As was appropriate, the Marines led the Second Division in its march into Germany for occupational purposes when the Armistice was signed. The men remained on German soil for approximately seven months. Once there was fear of a break-down in peace terms and the Marines girded for action and even pushed a little deeper into Germany. The trouble was ironed out. The men, naturally, were anxious to return to the United States, and while time passed slowly, all manner of recreational events in the way of athletics, theatrical shows and entertainment were arranged to keep them as contented as possible. When they came home and landed in New York in mid-summer the national ovation to the Leathernecks was tumultuous. The men knew their bravery had been appreciated. What will happen when this

war is won no one knows just now. But one thing is certain: The Marines will come home to a land proud of their achievements. Don't ever doubt that point.—Eds.)

## TO THE COLOR

Sirs:

I really enjoy THE LEATHERNECK—all of it—but I am moved here to speak more specifically of its yellow pages. (Why so inappropriate a color?) They are written so clear, direct, unbiased, yet hard-headed and understandable that they make most of the headlines and editorials of other publications seem flimsy and wish-washy propaganda. In short, GIST is just what one should expect to find in the Marine's LEATHERNECK.

Pvt. Swami is certainly to be congratulated on the accuracy of his predictions in spite of his modesty.

And, I very much enjoyed the fine, clear strength and drive of Major Dickson's beautiful wash-drawing for this month's cover.

R. P. BARNARD-BOWEN.

Llanerch, Pa.

(GIST is printed on yellow paper to distinguish it from the rest of the magazine. Originally, yellow was alternated with blue, pink and green. Because of paper situation, yellow was selected because it is best for reproduction. Pvt. Swami, with tongue in cheek, thanks you!—Eds.)

**AT LAST! A SHAVE CREAM THAT ACTUALLY GUARANTEES\* YOU NO RAZOR BURN!**

**It's Palmolive Shave Cream! Lather or Brushless! Both Enriched with Olive Oil!**

- 1 RAZOR BURN** isn't caused by tough beard. No sir! It's caused when your razor scrapes against your skin!
- 2 PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM** helps protect you against this! It lubricates your skin with a cushion of soap enriched with Olive Oil! This cushion e-a-s-e-s the edge of your razor along so s-m-o-o-t-h-l-y...
- 3 WE GUARANTEE**—no razor burn! Remember, no shave cream not enriched with Olive Oil could possibly give you this same cushion!

Test this unusual guarantee today! If you like rich, creamy lather—ask for Palmolive Shave Cream! If you prefer quick, easy, brushless shaves—get Palmolive Brushless in tube or jar. But either way, ask for PALMOLIVE!

**BRUSHLESS IN TUBE OR JAR!**

**\*AN AMAZING GUARANTEE!**  
If you do not find Palmolive Shave Cream allows no razor burn—return the top of the carton to Palmolive, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund your money.



## UNIT CITATION

SIRS:

Are members of the 6th Defense Bn., F.M.F., who served and are still serving on Midway Islands as part of land offensive entitled to the Presidential Unit Citation?

All members of the Marine Corps who have returned from Midway have in their service record book a notation giving them credit for participation in the Battle of Midway Islands with Japanese forces on June 1, 5, and 6, 1942, signed by individual battery commanders of the 6th Defense Bn.

MTSGT. R. A. HARDISTY

Midway Park, N. C.

(The Presidential Unit citation has been presented to the entire 1st Marine Division, reinforced, the Wake detachment of the 1st Defense Battalion, Marine Fighter Squadron 211 of Marine Air Group 21 and the U. S. S. *Houston*. It has not been authorized for service on Midway to date.)

Members of the above units are not authorized to wear the ribbon bar for the citation. A unit must be cited twice before the uniform decoration is authorized. Those attached at the time any one of the citations is earned, may wear the bar with one star permanently, even if later detached. If part of the unit when more than one citation is granted, blue stars equal in number to the citations are worn. Those who join a unit after it has been cited, may wear the ribbon without stars, but only when attached to the unit.—Eds.)

## CASUALTY LIST

SIRS:

My brother, Pfc. Charles S. Reed, USMCR, was not listed in your Casualty List in the April LEATHERNECK. He was located on a South Pacific island and although he was not killed in action he was in his line of duty at the time of his death.

JACK REED

Ironton, Ohio

(The LEATHERNECK'S List includes only those men who are killed in action or die as a result of wounds received in combat. See page 59.—Eds.)

SIRS:

My husband, Marine Gunner Remes E. De La Hunt, whom you have listed as missing in your April edition, is alive and is in an internment camp. He was in the Philippines when they fell along with many other Marines.

For Del's benefit, I have taken the mid-section of THE LEATHERNECK, "Gist," and have bound them in a looseleaf notebook, pending his eventual return. I am sure this will give him a comprehensive and unbiased view of the war. Incidentally, when she kissed him goodbye as her Daddy boarded the U.S.S. *Chaumont*, Pattilou (then three years old) turned to the people on the dock and said: "When my Daddy comes home I'll be a big girl, drinking coffee and 'moking ciggyettes." We

JOE SURE HIT  
THE JACK POT !

EVERY DAY HE  
GETS FAN MAIL!  
MAYBE WE  
OUGHTA START  
USING **LUX SOAP**  
TOO !



*Clever guys keep pans attractive—  
with the lather that is **ACTIVE!***



Joe was not *born* to be Heaven's gift to womankind! But being a man of action, he took steps. Someone mentioned Lux—Joe got some. Now he suds daily with this streamliner of soaps. And it takes no superman to realize—slicked up, smoothed up pans make the chicks come chirping 'round! Don't say we didn't tell you, brother. Get Lux Soap at your nearest P.X.!



are hoping for his return sooner than that! Del's twin brother, Rames, is now a Lieutenant, and is somewhere in the Pacific. Hope the twins' trigger fingers were as accurate shooting Japs as they were on the Camp Perry Rifle Range!

MRS. REMES DE LA HUNT  
Salem, Oregon

(As a result of complicity of checking, the Navy Department is behind on Prisoners of War list. However, we are glad to hear that Marine Gunner De La Hunt is alive. For other corrections in the LEATHERNECK'S April Casualty List, see page 59.—Eds.)

## MARINES' HYMN ORIGIN

SIRS:

I have heard that the Marines' Hymn is from an obscure French opera; but can you advise as to the name of the opera, the composer and approximate date, if this is so?

LT-COL. WILLIAM P. RICHARDS,  
M.B. Tongue Point,  
Astoria, Oreg.

(The melody of the Marines' Hymn is concluded to be from a once very popular air which was sung by two gendarmes in Jacques Offenbach's comic opera "Genevieve de Brabant" which first played in Paris, December 26, 1867.

The melody is believed to be originally from an old Spanish folk song although no proof can be found to substantiate this. Offenbach was a widely travelled musician and spent a good deal of time in Spain where he might have picked up the folk song and later incorporated it in the opera.

The first verse of the Marines' Hymn came into existence during the closing of the Mexican War. Several other verses have come and gone with the passing of years. For many years, the Hymn has been a three-verse ballad starting with Mexico and winding up in Heaven. This version was approved officially by the Major General Commandant in February, 1929, and copyrighted the same year by the United States Marine Corps.

In December, 1942, by official letter of instruction, aviation units were technically included in the saga and the words of the fourth line of the first verse were changed to read:

"In the Air, on Land and Sea."—Eds.)

## CHAIN LETTER

Sms:

I received a "chain letter" in the mail the other day. I'm not superstitious but was going to send it on for the joke when I realized that we fellows overseas would much rather have letters from home and friends instead of this nonsense. Maybe something should be done to stop these letters before too many are sent. I believe all

(Turn to page 53)

## MODERN BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS



## "I've Crossed the Ocean for Edgeworth!"

A STRANGER stopped me on the street and—with a Scotsman's "bur-r-r"—  
He said: "I beg your pardon but—  
perhaps you'd point out, sir—  
The way to a tobacconist's—I'm from  
a ship, you see,  
An' dinna know ma way around"—  
I said: "Sure! Come with me!"

WELL, I bought a pack of Edgeworth,  
and I wish you'd heard his laughter.  
"Why Edgeworth is the verra thing,"  
he said, "that I've come after—  
'Tis fine tobacco for ma pipe,  
but scarce abroad—no joking,  
I have to come 3000 miles to find  
such fragrant smoking."



Fits your pocket  
neatly

We sympathize with the pipe smokers in England, Scotland, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—and other foreign countries. For years Edgeworth, which cost between 60c and 70c per pocket package, was the leading imported pipe tobacco in these countries. It is difficult now for them to secure their favorite Edgeworth due to the war.

But you can still enjoy America's Finest Pipe Tobacco for only 15c. Edgeworth, by the way, is now packed in the new Seal-Pak pouch. Enjoy a generous sample at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 1006, 22nd Street, Richmond, Virginia.



Copyright 1943  
Larus & Bro. Co.





## AFTER THE HOT WORK

—work on a KOOL

REMEMBER the last time you had a cold? You probably smoked a pack of KOOLS. And even though your nose and throat were stuffy—and other cigarettes seemed harsh and irritating—those KOOLS tasted fresh and soothing. Felt cool and easy on your throat.

Well, if KOOLS were such a good smoke *then*—when your throat was in *that* condition—wouldn't you be smart to smoke them *all the time*? Wouldn't it be a good idea to switch from "hots" to KOOLS *for good*?



Start today! Switch from  
"HOTS" TO KOOLS *—for good!*





# THE Water Buffaloes

By Frank X. Tolbert

OFF Clearwater on the Florida Gulf Coast is Honeymoon Island. The philanthropic owner of a Midwestern war plant sends certain of his employees to this beautiful, semi-tropical isle for short vacations. These good people, many of them newly-weds, have been turning out war materials for months on seven-day-the-week schedules. So, they come to Honeymoon Island for a little rest and live in thatched huts. And the women, if they wish, wear grass skirts and put flowers in their hair.

Early one morning, a few weeks ago, the summery hum of the peaceful island was shattered by the sound of many motors. Pelicans, disturbed at their fishing, arose like so many angry Jimmy Durantes and flapped off through the palm trees. The more phlegmatic herons remained still but stared, suspiciously, out at sea. Honeymoon Islanders poured from their thatched huts in various states of undress and gazed in sleepy-eyed wonder at the white beach.

Steel monsters—big, sea-going tractors—were coming out of the Gulf with frothy surf falling off their gray sides and with their grousers grinding in the sands.

A tall, well-built girl in a loose gingham dress yelled something about Japs. But an elderly Floridan who worked on the island only laughed and said:

"Them are Marines. They're the Water Buffaloes. Used to call themselves Alligators. You'll get used to them wild Marines if you'd stay around here long. Their base is over near Dunedin, but they crawl all over this end of Florida and I don't know how far out to sea. I guess they've been



**WITH STUDENTS ABOARD,** an amphibian tractor crawls from Dunedin Bay, near the Marine Corps base. Scholars get hours of instruction in operating.

some places in those tractors that men have never been before since creation."

The old Floridan watched the Water Buffaloes make their landing, and he had a pleased, interested look on his tanned face. For the Buffaloes, the men of the Marine Corps Amphibian Tractor Detachment, have become immensely popular with the natives during their two years at Dunedin.

Honeymoon Island is just a small part of the Buffaloes' playground among the mangrove islands and the bays and lagoons along the Gulf Coast shore. Almost every morning a formation of tractors snort out of their sheds, bounce for a few hundred yards through the boondocks and fall, like so many husky ducks, into Dunedin Bay. Then, perhaps, they travel on a straight line out towards the Gulf, crawling over the bushy humps of islands when they come to them and throwing geysers of spray in the choppy bay.

On the mangrove island, little "banana palms" go down like dead soldiers under the tractors' charge. The Buffaloes can crawl over the spongiest swamps. They can push over trees up

to eight inches in diameter. They can climb slopes up to 55 degrees, if the ground is hard enough to give traction.

In water, the tractor is turned by reversing one track while the other continues to rotate forward.

After crawling through the mangrove swamps, the Buffaloes often circle out in the Gulf and ride in on the surf for such landings as the one which almost scared the daylight out the Honeymoon Islanders.

**FIELD EXPEDIENTS:** The Honeymoon Islanders would have been considerably more amazed a few minutes later if they could have followed the Water Buffaloes back in the mangrove swamps.

An instructor, Lieutenant William Lunn, stopped the formation in a singularly unpleasing stretch of terrain. They halted on little grassy "islands" in the pudding goo of the swamp. And then, to use an expression, Lieutenant Lunn proceeded to tear hell out of the tractors. He jerked out magnetoes, disengaged tracks and performed all kinds of mischief. Destroying government

property? No. Lieutenant Lunn was just getting a bunch of Buffaloes ready for graduation exercises.

These Marines who'd made the landing on Honeymoon Island were in the last two weeks of the three-month Maintenance Course at the Detachment. This portion of the course is called Field Expedients. And the boys spend most of their time repairing the tractors under the worst possible conditions. They know there'll be no well-appointed shops on the Pacific islands where they expect to come to grips with the Japs. So they go to work eagerly, building scaffolds or "A frames" from legs. And soon the damaged tractors are hoisted from the A frames by block and tackle so that they can be repaired.

#### THE SOLOMONS' RECORD:

The immediate ancestor of Water Buffalo, the Alligator, proved one of the handiest pieces of equipment in last year's Solomon Islands campaign. The Alligators were designed, primarily, for carrying cargo and, occasionally, men from ship to shore. But the big amphibians were used for dozens of other valuable chores during the long, hard months of the operators on Guadalcanal. Lack of roads made it impossible for the artillery prime-movers to operate successfully, so the amphibian

tractors were substituted with excellent results. Not only was the artillery weapon attached to the rear of the tractor, but the gun crew and a load of ammunition was carried in the Alligator's cargo compartment, the weight of this load tending to increase traction needed to pull the artillery across soft areas.

Another use for the versatile Alligator was in evacuation of casualties. By equipping the cargo compartments with specially designed frames, it was possible for patients to be sent directly from the field hospital or first aid station to the evacuation ship.

Lieutenant N. H. Newhouse, Navy medical officer, drew up and submitted to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery specifications and diagrams for such carrying frames. At the time Lieutenant Newhouse was attached to the Dunedin Marine Detachment. These frames were light in weight and the complete unit could be hoisted from the tractor to the deck of the ship without any need for disturbing the patients.

Radio-equipped tractors can be used for liason communication.

Mortars can be fired from otherwise inaccessible sites by setting them up in cargo compartments and sand-bagging. Machine guns carried on each tractor can be used in a multitude

of defensive setups.

Alligators were employed as pontoons for bridges across the rivers of Guadalcanal.

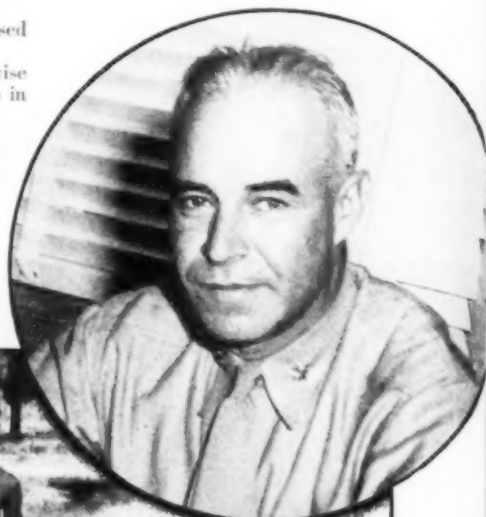
**THE BUFFALO:** Now the Alligator is fading from the picture and its place is being taken by the streamlined Water Buffalo which can not be described for reasons of security.

For armament, the Buffalo has one .50 caliber machine gun and three .30 caliber machine guns. The machine guns are mounted on tracks, which are bolted to the hull and bulkheads in the cargo compartments. The mounts in which the machine gun pintles are inserted are equipped with rollers and may be moved along these tracks as desired. Thus, fire is possible in all directions.

There are interchangeable firing platforms for the corners and other platforms front and rear.

The main or central section of the tractor, consisting of the cab, cargo

**UNDER THE PALMS,** Dunedin's Marines attend a Maintenance School class. The climate permits out-of-doors sessions like this all the year around. In the circle at right is Lieutenant Colonel William W. Davies, commanding officer of the detachment since its beginning.



compartment and engine room, is called the hull. Hoisting shackles are located at front and rear of the hull for handling the tractors at davits.

**THE INVENTOR:** A 34-year-old civilian named Donald Roebling is the inventor of the amphibian tractor. National magazines have carried a number of stories on Mr. Roebling in which they put heavy emphasis on the facts that Roebling is (1) one of the wealthiest men in Florida and (2) that he is one of the leftiest (he weighs just south of 300 pounds and is built not unlike one of the Water Buffaloes).

When this global war is over, we think that Donald Roebling will be honored as one of the Americans who did the most, individually, to win it. He turned over all commercial rights to the government and his experiments with the machines have cost him thousands of dollars.

Roebling was in his early twenties when he designed and built the first amphibian tractor in a shop on his Clearwater estate. His father had been much concerned over the difficulties of rescuing stranded flood or hurricane victims in the marshy section around Florida's Lake Okeechobee. So Donald sought to build a vehicle suitable for making rescues in the worst possible terrain or in the water.

Roebling experimented for almost three years before he fabricated a fairly successful amphibian tractor. Flotation was no mystery. The problem was to make the tractor move in the water. Grousers (or cleats) that gave good propulsion in the water were too long and broke on land. Short grousers that worked efficiently on land didn't provide enough propulsion afloat.

The first fairly successful amphibian tractor made its debut in December, 1935. It crawled (but very feebly) in its water test at Clearwater. It could go about 25 miles the hour on the ground, but in the water its highest



**THE TRACTORS WERE** designed, primarily, as cargo carriers. But they're mounted with light and heavy machine guns and they pack plenty of firepower.

speed was a puny 2½ miles the hour. Roebling tried a new type of grouser and the speed afloat was increased.

A year or so later, he built an all-aluminum job for the Navy that's still one of the fastest amphibian tractors ever built. This was 8,300 pounds in weight and was equipped with a Lin-

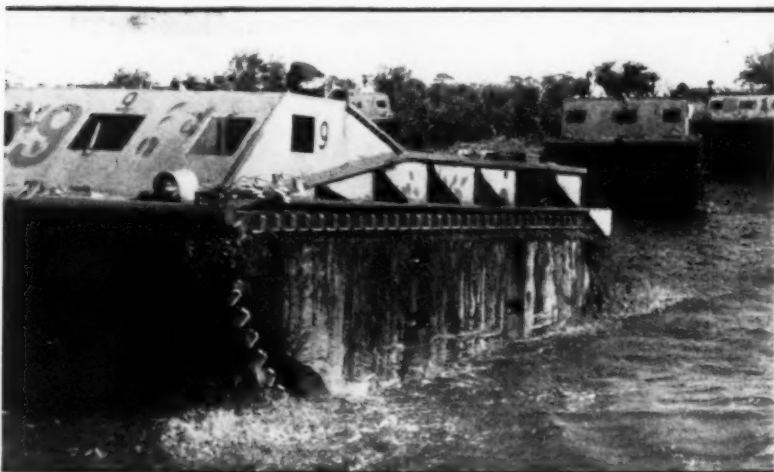
coln Zephyr motor. The tractor is still being used in Miami, where it has rescued dozens of flyers from the bay. Another of these early aluminum tractors is in the same sort of rescue service at Corpus Christi.

Formerly, Mr. Roebling was fond of driving his sea-going tractors. Newcomers to Clearwater and Dunedin often were astonished to see one of the snorting swamp buggies clanking down a street with the huge Floridan at the controls. And duck hunters or fishermen, who were unfamiliar with the new-fangled tractors and, perhaps, had been hitting the bottle a little, would get quite a turn on seeing Roebling's vehicle proceeding up a lagoon or bayou or coming in from the sea.

Now Roebling seldom drives the amphibians. But it must be a great source of satisfaction for him to watch formations of them maneuvering today along the pleasant shore where he experimented for years to produce the first successful amphibian tractor.

**THE BACKGROUND:** In January, 1941, the Navy's Bureau of Ships contracted with Roebling for the first large order of the tractor. The previous year, Roebling had given one of his aluminum tractors to the Marine

(Turn to page 66)



**V-FORMATION** of amphibian tractors crawls over a little island in Dunedin Bay and splashes into the water. Students in the Maintenance School are driving.





## To Right the Wrong, Avenge the Lie

By Corporal Jack H. Shettleworth

*You've seen Marines on dress parade,  
all decked out in their blues,  
The picture of a fighting man from cap  
to burnished shoes;  
The Army says the uniform's what  
keeps them in the news,  
But we know better, you and I.*

*You've glimpsed them in their khaki,  
summer service, or you've seen  
Them out at drill, or on shore leave, in  
winter forest green.  
You've never seen them not ship-shape,  
their uniform unclean,  
Minus their ever-present field scarf,  
civil tie.*

*Nor have you seen them when they're  
dressed in fighting dungarees,  
For shirt a double bandoleer, or ragged  
pants above their knees,  
Boon-docking shoes, a tin hat, this lat-  
ter just to please.  
Some officer, humane and ranking  
high,*

*Then's when they're working at a trade,  
and when they're having fun,  
With hand grenade and rifle and Tom-  
my gun;  
Rank whiskers fierce and bushy, bodies  
burned by tropic sun,  
All set to give the game another  
try.*

*Now that's the story I would tell, the  
ballad I would sing,  
Of Devil-dogs gone off to war, and  
game for anything.  
When they've left behind all liberty and  
U.S.O. canteen,  
The Corps with epic deeds to  
glorify.*

*I could sing a song of Nicaragua, Haiti  
or Bataan,  
Or of Asiatic duty in the milk and  
honey land,  
Of Wake, or Midway, or some other far  
off coral strand,  
Of Iceland beneath a wintry sky.*

*I could tell about Belleau and sing of  
Flander's bloody strip,  
Of sea-going on a cruiser, of a long old  
transport trip,  
Of carriers, or of manning guns aboard  
a battleship,  
But if I did, 'twould be a lie.*

*The new Marine first tasted blood in  
the Japs own jungle game,  
The deadly stalk and wait, and kill,  
against veteran troops, the same,  
Who fought the Chinese ten long years,  
and brought their own shame  
At Nanking, we know them, you  
and I.*

*He received his fire baptism on Tulagi  
and 'Canal,  
'Twas then he saw the first one fall, the  
first of many a pal.  
The devil gleaned a harvest there, the  
Reaper on the proud;  
The beach was wet, it had been  
dry.*

*He's here because some guy at home,  
touched a finger to the chart,  
Said, "The treasure isles of Solomon  
are just the place to start,  
To test the victory-drunken Japs, and  
see if they're heart,  
To hold when fighting men draw  
nigh.*

*The convoy lay to off the shore, just at  
the break of dawn,  
The cans and wagons swung in line to  
belch their molten spawn.  
The boys squat ready on the decks, set  
lips from teeth with-drawn,  
Marines! Prepare to go ashore and  
die!*

*Perhaps it's here I'd best explain the  
mission of the Corps.  
The young republic set our jobs back  
in the days of yore.  
Our lives are spent in fighting, learning  
military lore;  
Our arts we're ever ready to apply.*



Our job's to force a beach-head, get  
men in there if we can,  
To dig in, fight like hell, to hold a tiny  
piece of land;  
To drive a wedge from which our oper-  
ations can expand.  
It's tough!" you say. We can but  
try.

Here's something folks aren't told  
about, no need to rouse their fears;  
Marines have warred a hundred times  
in our growing country's years.  
Expeditions, punitive missions, land-  
ings, word seldom e'er appears.  
Until the trouble's passed on by.

"Marines have landed, have the situa-  
tion well in hand!"  
That age old song is known in every  
alien, heathen land.  
The fame, the rep, the glory of this  
gory little band—  
"Marines are coming thru the rye!"

Other outfits say we're proud, we say,  
"Hell yes! Who wouldn't be?"  
We get the chance to do our part to  
serve posterity.  
We fight like men who grin at death,  
and scorn security,  
Take gut shots with their heads  
held high.

Now Leathernecks are here again, to  
kill, get mean and tough,  
You ask for fights, not talk? Well,  
there'll soon be fight enough,  
To show he's learned his lesson well,  
he's of the self-same stuff,  
Marines were in the days gone by.

And now he grips his weapon tight,  
the zero hour's come,  
Those who've been whispering, nervous,  
now are deadly quiet, dumb.  
The whistle blows. He swarms the net!  
The Devil-dogs have come,  
To right the wrong, avenge the lie!

He's kneeling in a Higgins boat, puffs  
a final cigarette,  
Three hundred yards—two hundred—  
now the surf is nearly met.  
He's tense and anxious, jumps too soon,  
gets feet and weapons wet,  
Some teen-age kid begins to cry.

The Japs are set, behind that ridge,  
they've stacked up all their gear,  
And now they really open up, there's  
mean A.T. guns here.  
A close knee-mortar knocks him down,  
he feels an icy fear,  
Gets up and staggers on, the ridge  
is nigh.

It's funny, things he thinks about, he  
looked back at the boat;  
The Padre stood there, bowed in prayer,  
one hand was at his throat.  
It worried him, he tried to 'member  
what that fellow wrote—  
"Ye who are afraid to die—"

Those last few yards were awful, but  
now it's raging Hell,  
He's half-way up the beach, machine  
gun fire begins to tell.  
The good lads drop around him; he  
hears his own voice yell,  
"Come on, you bastards!" It's a  
battle cry.

He charged the ridge, the bloody ridge,  
his first real solid gain,  
There's many a hit one with him, still  
coming through in pain.  
And now he sees the cocoanut grove,  
it's just begun to rain,  
"Come on—" Christ, if he were  
only dry!

Wild crazy guts are telling now, he's  
got them on the run,  
He hurls a grenade thirty yards, knocks  
out a mortar gun,  
He snuffs a life with a long-blade knife,  
it's grisly work, not fun;  
Shoot a sniper from a tree as he  
goes by.



He's been hit twice, he feels it, his left  
side then his right,  
But now's no time to stop, the bloody  
airfield is in sight.  
He'll carve those devils out of there be-  
fore he stops tonight,  
If God gives him the strength to  
try!

He landed near the Lunga, now he's  
crossed the Tenaru,  
Stops to give a buddy water, but his  
gut's shot thru and thru:  
The bullet in his left side starts to bite,  
and grind, and chew.  
Don't mind it son. It's low not  
high.

They've reached their first objective,  
now they form a slender line,  
Spent boys sit up in fox-holes, they'll  
sleep if they recline.  
They wolf the bill and munch the cold  
hard-tack on which they dine,  
Swab wounds with skivvy-shirt, and  
sigh.

They're on shore now, and dug in, they  
have their tiny hold,  
Before they're blasted out of here all  
Hades will be cold.  
There's much to say and much to write,  
the story's still untold,  
But the eye is wet, the pen runs  
dry.

We'll skip the next five months of war,  
the tale is much the same;  
Of sweat and blood and suffering, dead  
Marines without a name.  
The first few days no air support, and  
clouds of bombers came,  
To maim and tear him from on  
high.

Not long since then the flyers came,  
the deadly, gallant lot,  
With their lovely, ugly Grummans, the  
sweetest ship we've got.  
They hurled the Zeros, Mitsubishis  
from the clouds to rot,  
And feed the maggot, crab and  
sticky fly.

Now he's north-east of the M'tanikau,  
green slimy in the sun,  
He's stormed the Poha, Kokumbono,  
now he's nearly done.  
It's past time for the dog-face to come  
in and have his fun,  
To give the game old Army try.

There's an awful lot of Japs in there  
who haven't shot their wad,  
But at home they say, the isle's secure,  
that we now hold the rod.  
Well, he knows there's boys still dying  
here, and rotting above the sod;  
He knows it's just a damn lie!

Why just last night the bogey's came,  
just as the night before,  
And last week ships got thru and  
landed several hundred more.  
There's another task force coming, and  
the terriers of the Corps  
Tighten belts and grin, lips twisted,  
wry.

No, we're not secure 'til we've swept  
the seas and hunted thru the land,  
And cornered every Jap we find, and  
killed him if we can.  
Marines will ne'er rest easy 'til they're  
in to gut Japan.  
And slaughter every rotten spy.

When we're thru here, they'll be an-  
other fighting chore,  
We'll take a swing at Germany, and  
maybe several more.  
Well, that's alright, we know that's  
what the Corps is for.  
By God! We're really keen to try.

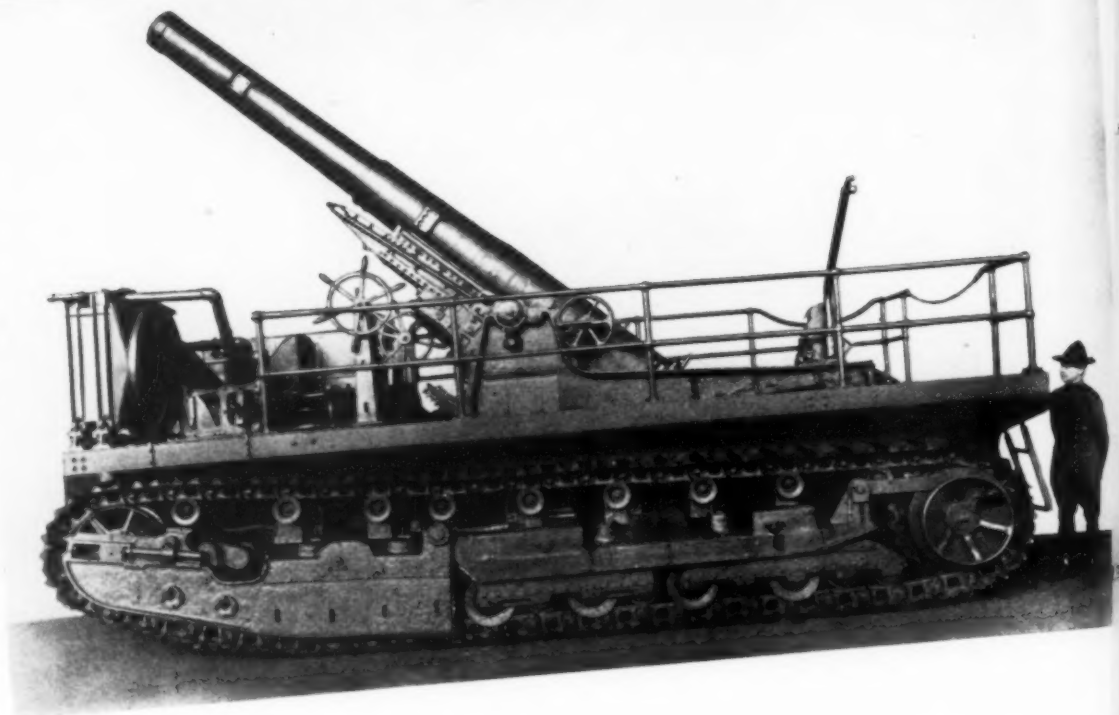
I just hope the home folk understand  
this story I have told;  
Sure, our blues are nice and trim and  
neat, all faced with red and gold,  
And they feed our harmless vanity, un-  
til guns again have rolled,  
And the Corps, once more, goes  
out to die!

THE END

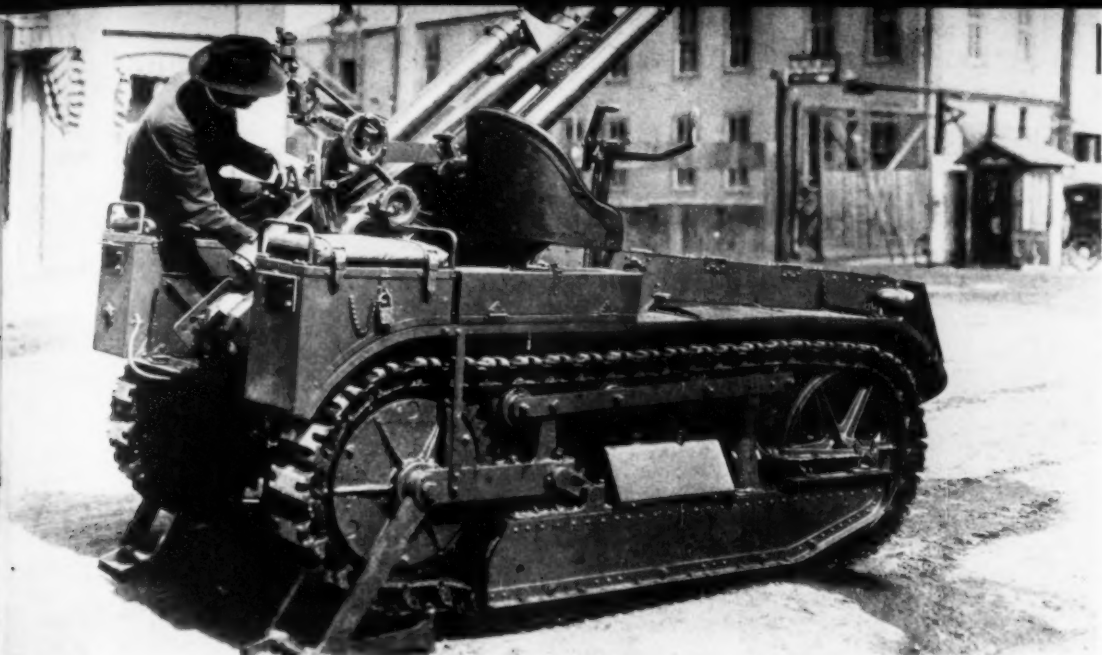
# IRON CLAD *Killers*

..... PAST and PRESENT

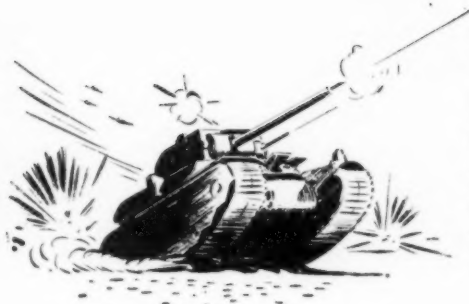
Built in 1920,  
Mark II had  
a top speed  
of 5.4 miles  
per hour.  
Weighed 19,  
860 pounds,  
mounted a  
155-mm. gun.



Next came  
the ponderous  
Mark III  
motor carriage  
for the  
240-mm. how-  
itzer. Speed  
was cut to  
3.5 mph and  
with gun,  
weight scaled  
106,500 lbs.



Mark X motor carriage for this 4.7-inch gun was the only self-propelled mount readied for use in post-war period.



AMERICA'S "new and secret" tank destroyer which suddenly began knocking off Axis armor in North Africa was neither secret nor new. The M7's secret lay in the fact the enemy didn't know an entire regiment of the British 8th Army had been equipped with it. The weapon was unique, however, and as such was new to this war. But 27 years ago the U. S. Ordnance Department began developing self-propelled artillery, as these photos from Army Ordnance magazine show. Early tests disclosed many faults. At one stage official interest lagged and ordnance officers spent personal funds furthering experiments. Outbreak of World War II revived attention, especially successes of Nazi Panzer divisions in France and Poland. The tank-killer's role calls for speed and firing power. Yankee-made weapons have the stuff.

Christie convertible carriage, Model 1920, for the 155-mm. gun. It could operate on wheels or use tracks in rough terrain.





Artist's conception of a self-propelled gun of a time to come. It is a 155-mm. weapon on a track laying chassis.



## IRON CLAD *Killers*

To the right and below are clear cut pictures of the tank-killer that routed Rommel's forces at El Alamein and started the Axis flight across North Africa, marking the turning point in the campaign. Styled the M7, it consists of a 105-mm. howitzer mounted on the M3 medium tank chassis. As an added dose of destruction, it has a "pulpit" which packs a caliber .50 aircooled machine gun. Result of many years of designing and experiment, the M7 is a typical example of American resourcefulness and ingenuity. The Allies know the time spent in developing this weapon was worth it. Ask Hitler.





**ONE OF THE NEWEST** and most powerful weapons in the war is the American-made M-12 which the U. S. Army developed. At the top it is shown emplaced and ready, one man sighting in. Below, it plows up a hill. Trees are no barrier to this gun.

(Pictures courtesy Army Ordnance Magazine, O. W. I.)

AND now comes the U. S. Army's newest type of piece to blast the Axis into submission—the M-12. Critics see it as the most powerful mobile weapon in the nation's ever-developing field of ordnance, a match for any tank in the world.

The weapon is a 155-mm. gun mounted on an M-3 chassis. Its power is so great it can hurl a projectile weighing 95 pounds a distance of 10 miles. What's more, it can knock out a tank or sink a heavy cruiser at that range. It is highly destructive when it is pitted against artillery, just as it is when turned against armor and material, and because of its high mobility, it can be brought up on short, meaning great speed, to reduce enemy resistance.

These pictures are the first official photographs released on the M-12. Compared with weapons of earlier days, Uncle Sam has come a long way since initial experiments were conducted in this branch of equipment. Just as the tank has been improved, so has it been necessary to develop and perfect the tank destroyer, bringing it to a stage where it boasts superior gun power and greater speed. In addition, the weapon must be so constructed as to present as small a target as possible. The M-12 meets all these requirements.

THE END



## JOE FOSS

*No. 1 Ace*



By Robert H. Myers

**H**IS name might be just plain Joe Doaks. It happens to be Joe Foss—Captain Joseph Jacob Foss of the Marines.

As every Marine knows, he's the greatest pilot today in World War II. Twenty-six Japanese planes have plummeted to burning destruction before the deadly firing of this ace of aces.

But back of this unequaled, unapproached record is another story—the story of an average American boy to whom war and killing and violence in the skies a decade ago was something he had heard about in the tales echoing from the last world conflict.

Life to Joe Foss ten years ago was the simple, easy one of, say, the boy you went to high school with; the boy with whom you double-dated; the contented, modest lad who worked his way through college; the chap who wondered and worried a little about the future and what job he should tackle when the time came to grow up and settle down.

Ordinarily Joe Doaks and his friend Joe Foss didn't dream that in another ten years either would be blasting his way to fame in the wake of belching machine guns, strapped in the cockpit of a lightning-geared Grumman Wildcat roaring through space over a blood-

stained island named Guadalcanal. It's a safe bet that in those days Joe Foss, fresh from the quiet farming country of South Dakota, had never heard of Guadalcanal.

No, in those peaceful years Joe Foss, soon to grow into a strapping, 175-pound, six-footer with a twinkle in his blue eyes and a reserved modesty in his bearing, was more familiar with a tractor or a team of horses than he was with an airplane.

He was one of three children—Joe, his younger brother Clifford and a sister Flora May—born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foss, who owned a farm on the rolling land just east of Sioux Falls. In high school Joe was popular and he played a baritone saxophone in the school band. He didn't play too well, though, chiefly because he always seemed to get a little stagefright when he had to appear in public.

Joe finished Sioux Falls high school and then went to the local college for two years. His progress and interests there were no different from any other college boy, but one very significant thing happened. He met a pretty girl. Her name was June Shakstad. Yes, they were married—but many things happened before that event was celebrated in 1942, some three weeks before Joe shoved off for the zone of battle. For one thing, Joe decided to continue his schooling at the University of South Dakota. He was just an average student, and well liked. He joined a fra-

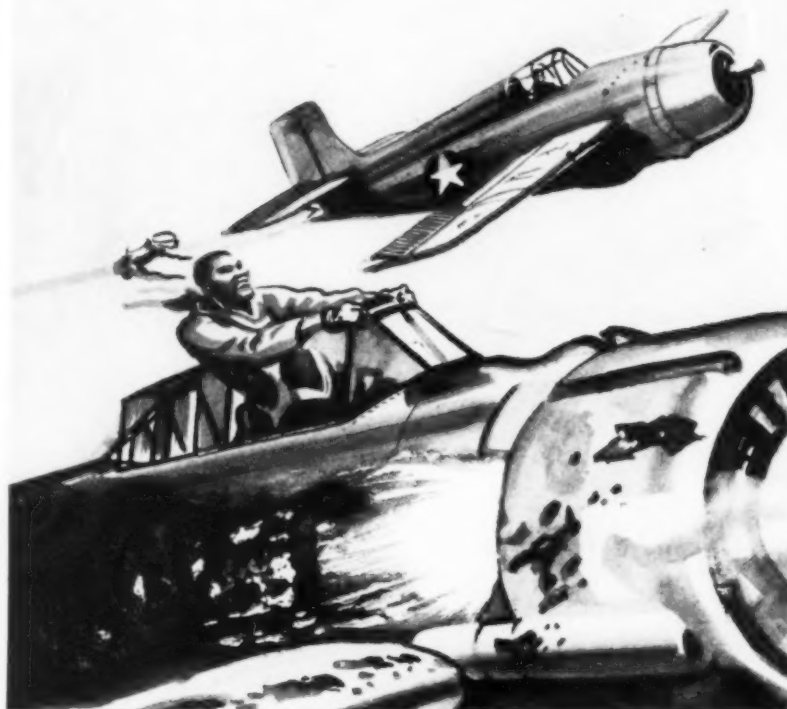
ternity, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and lived the typical life of a college boy before graduating in June of 1940.

He probably didn't realize it, but graduation meant a bigger change to Joe and his classmates than anyone might have imagined a few years before. Joe was graduating into a world already well enveloped in the flames of war; flames which Joe and the members of the classes of '40 would see and feel all too soon.

Six years before Joe had taken his first taste of flying in an airplane. He had been up several times in a crate owned by a South Dakota farmer who had a unique system of assessing a fee for a ride. If a passenger made the pilot stop stunting, the passenger had to pay for the ride. If he didn't yell "Uncle," the ride was free. Joe took all the loops and spins the venerable craft could negotiate—it's a wonder it didn't fly apart in mid-air—and yelled for more thrills. Joe fell in love with flying. That was why upon graduating, he thumbed his way to Pensacola, Fla., signed up for Marine Corps aviation and began preliminary training for the second lieutenant's commission he was to win in March of 1941. Joe, or Lieutenant Foss, was a natural. Soon he was an instructor for other fledgling students. In May of 1942 he made first lieutenant, and then spent six weeks with a reconnaissance group at San Diego before going with the Aircraft

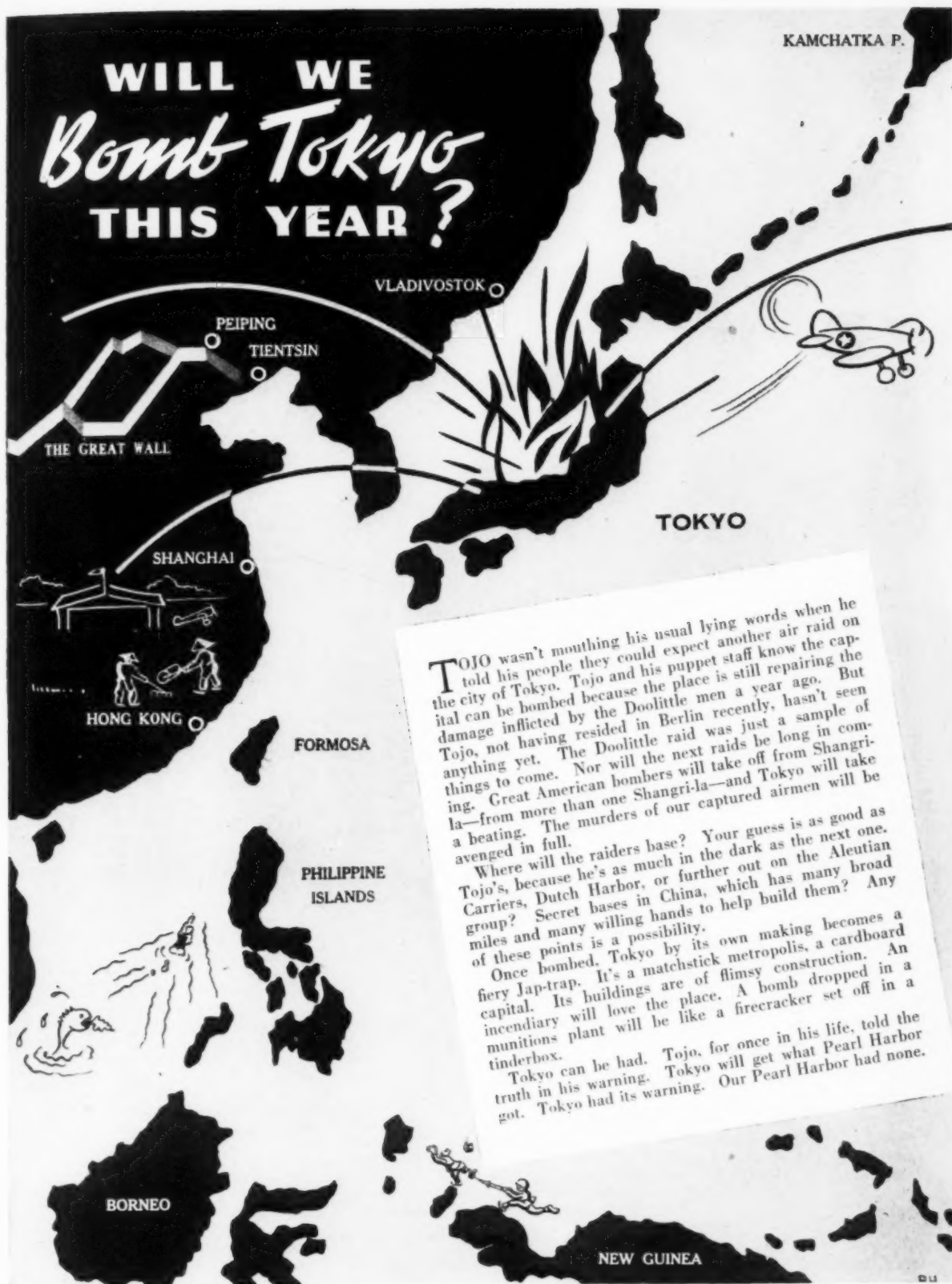
(Turn to page 60)

"ONE MADE A PASS AT ME and I blew him to Hell," the youngish ex-farmer lad from South Dakota casually reported after one bitter air engagement.





# WILL WE Bomb Tokyo THIS YEAR?



TOJO wasn't mouthing his usual lying words when he told his people they could expect another air raid on the city of Tokyo. Tojo and his puppet staff know the capital can be bombed because the place is still repairing the damage inflicted by the Doolittle men a year ago. But Tojo, not having resided in Berlin recently, hasn't seen anything yet. The Doolittle raid was just a sample of things to come. Nor will the next raids be long in coming. Great American bombers will take off from Shangri-la—from more than one Shangri-la—and Tokyo will take a beating. The murders of our captured airmen will be avenged in full.

Where will the raiders base? Your guess is as good as Tojo's, because he's as much in the dark as the next one. Carriers, Dutch Harbor, or further out on the Aleutian group? Secret bases in China, which has many broad miles and many willing hands to help build them? Any of these points is a possibility.

Once bombed, Tokyo by its own making becomes a fiery Jap-trap. It's a matchstick metropolis, a cardboard capital. Its buildings are of flimsy construction. An incendiary will love the place. A bomb dropped in a munitions plant will be like a firecracker set off in a tinderbox.

Tokyo can be had. Tojo, for once in his life, told the truth in his warning. Tokyo will get what Pearl Harbor got. Tokyo had its warning. Our Pearl Harbor had none.

# My Day!

ANOTHER IN A SERIES  
OF ARTICLES ON THE  
AXIS "CHARACTERS"



By Adolf Schickelgruber

**H**EIL, me!  
Those damned British woke me early this morning when the RAF dropped bombs on Berlin. I must tell Paul Goebbels to think up something to tell the people about those planes. I told them that the Luftwaffe had annihilated the RAF. Went to the office after the all-clear and was not pleased with reception along the way. I got only four heils in the trip. Heinrich will have to see that more people are outside to heil me as I go through the streets.

Goering was waiting in the office and displeased me with a half-hearted heil. He says all his medals weigh him down and he can't lift his arm any higher. I asked Hermann where the Luftwaffe is and why don't they do something about the air raids, and he said that was the reason he came to the office—to find out from me where the Luftwaffe was. Ach! Hermann suggested that I order a new medal struck off for him, but I told him he had no place to put it. He turned around and showed me his huge back and said there was plenty of room. He's just like a little boy, but I like every acre of him.

Reports from Africa are not so good. Erwin is still running ahead of the Americans and British. I am sure they will never catch him. Even the police couldn't do that when Erwin was my number one muscle man before we took

over. Says he is leaving the Italians to fight a rear-guard, delaying action, but had to assign nearly a division of our troops to watch the Italians. Those sprinters!

General Von Twerp and I had a difference of opinion in the Russian campaign and I got very heated with him. He insists we fall back from Moscow to Stalingrad to consolidate our lines for an organized push, while my intuition tells me that we should persist in annihilating the Russian divisions. He stomped out in a huff and I don't like it. I called Heinrich Himmler and told him to send some of the boys over to talk to Von Twerp. Let me see, his funeral should be in about three days. I will have Ley deliver the eulogy and stress the point that Twerp died for his Fuehrer.

Paul called up and gushed about a broadcast he made to America, saying we will fight to the last German. Somehow, it doesn't sound just right. Von Papen called on my private wire and said he is having difficulties in Turkey. They refuse to come over to our side and enjoy the benefits of the New Order. Pape said he was looking over some new catalogues of wine and wanted to know if I would be interested in seeing catalogues of new wall-paper. That man is crazy from over-work.

Goering just came in and wants to get in touch with Himmler. Says he went to the matinee, where he had reserved two seats and when he sat down

he asked the usher where the other seat was, the usher told him it was across the aisle. Even Hermann isn't that fat. He wants Himmler to take care of the usher. He was such a nice fellow, too.

Studied report of latest bombing of our submarine yards at St. Nazaire and found nothing cheerful. Ordered usual broadcast—that bombs destroyed churches, schools, hospitals and homes of workers. Those cruel Britishers!

Went to Hermann's home in the evening and listened to some good Wagnerian music. His place is like a palace and I must say that Hermann has done very well for himself. The furnishings are just like from a museum and the paintings are the masterpieces of the old masters. He picked them up very inexpensively in Paris, Belgium, Holland, Poland and Czechoslovakia. I must say that Hermann knows how to drive a bargain.

Our agents in the United States say that everybody is singing a popular song about my face. I shall have some new photographs made and sent over for distribution. The agents are making fine progress if this is true.

Which reminds me, I haven't heard from that sneak Tojo in weeks. I often think he's a bigger sneak than Goebbels, but it's a close race. Possibly a dead-heat, since they've both spent so many years practicing this art. I guess old Tojo is shaking in his shoes now, scared those soft Americans will bomb him again. Can't say that I blame him. The Yankees aren't as soft as I figured. As for Tojo, he's also afraid to take a stab at Russia. Maybe he isn't so dumb. Those stubborn Russians. Never know when they're beaten. But I'll get to Moscow if it takes every soldier I've got. The Fuehrer cannot forget his vow. Not as long as there's a breath of life left—in another Nazi.

Ho-hum. I wonder what I'll do if I lose this job. I should have kept up my dues in the paper-hangers' union. Heil me! Another day, another town bombed. I wish they'd let me get some sleep.

Heil me!

THE END

THE LEATHERNECK

# TOO PERFECT

By Ben Goldberg

**W**ERNER ULRICH was a Nazi spy. He was landed off the coast of Maine by a submarine on a moonless night and had little difficulty in making his way to Portland. The rest was easy. Sympathizers in the United States had paved the way and he was now Martin Dresser, a machinist with a Beacon Hill address in Boston. He had not been in Boston for three years. During that period he was in Germany, learning tricks of the trade that would make him a valuable member of the Reich. His assignment was to join the Army, become a member of a ground crew of the Air Force and indulge in plain and fancy sabotage. It didn't seem very much, but Werner knew that there were hundreds like him, working for the Party. Multiply what sabotage he could wreak by a hundred times and certainly some hindrance in operation of planes could be effected.

He was supplied with a draft registration card. How it was arranged, he did not know; that was taken care of by the agents in Boston. But he knew the history of Martin Dresser down to the last detail. Martin Dresser was 26 years old, single, and born in New York. He was a graduate of high school in New York and then became an apprentice machinist. In fact, Martin Dresser became an excellent machinist. He thought he would be valuable to the war effort of this great, democracy-loving country by working as a member of the ground forces, servicing planes. It was opportune that a sympathizer owned a machine shop and supplied an excellent recommendation for his "valuable and most trusted employee," Martin Dresser.

There was not a hitch in the entire proceedings, from the time he presented himself to the draft board with the forged birth certificate to the present. He was now virtually in the Army. All that remained was the dental inspection, then the final forms and papers to be filled out and taking the oath of allegiance. He smiled inwardly.



**DRESSER WALKED EASILY** up to the sergeant's desk, feeling very confident about his smart ruse and secretly wondering how Americans could be so "foolish."

It was so simple to fool these Americans. He looked around at the men waiting to be examined. Some of them were smiling sheepishly. They were nude, except for their shorts and shoes. Others were bright-eyed and eager. A few were nervous. Martin Dresser was calm.

The door burst open and a Corporal stuck his head out.

"All right, you guys, come on in. Step lively, now."

Martin Dresser sat in the chair and an officer wearily wiped some instruments. A soldier sat in front of the chair with charts before him. The officer took Martin's card and papers and handed them to the soldier.

"Open your mouth," he said to Martin. His actions were purely mechanical. Martin wondered how many times a day he examined teeth of recruits. He vaguely thought he wouldn't like that task, gazing into open mouths of men. He knew his teeth were in good shape. They thought of that in Germany. He had passed an inspection there; a thorough physical inspection.

The dentist poked and prodded each tooth. For each tooth he called off a number and a mysterious symbol, which the soldier wrote on the chart before

him.

"All right, son," said the doctor, with a sigh of weariness. "Next."

The soldier gave Martin the card filled with symbols and directed him through a door marked "Enter here after dental inspection." Inside were nearly 100 other recruits, lined before a desk. A sergeant sat there filling out more forms and papers. Those who left his desk were directed to the room where they had left their clothing. After that, thought Martin Dresser, I shall be sworn in. Then my work will begin.

The line inched slowly to the desk. It was Martin Dresser's turn and he smiled as he handed his papers to the Sergeant.

"Dresser?" said the Sergeant, as he looked up. There was a quick movement of feet across the floor and Martin was gripped by two soldiers. They wore hands on the left arm, which read "M.P."

"This the guy, sir?" asked the Sergeant.

The dentist who had examined Martin nodded and replied, "Yes."

"A spy, eh?" spoke the Sergeant through tight lips.

A thousand protestations leaped to (Turn to page 64)



# THE Unbreakable CRYSTAL

**B**ETSY became a knife in the machine shop at Parris Island.

Originally, Betsy was a plain, ordinary, government issue bayonet. Now she is a super-knife. And her owner, Gunnery Sergeant William F. (Unbreakable) Crystal, likes to say that Betsy is only one-fourth bayonet and, for the rest, one-fourth Bowie knife, one-fourth saber, and one-fourth club or hand knuckle. She has a nine-inch blade, sharp as a razor on both sides. She has a hand guard or "knuck" of cold-rolled steel. She can be attached to a rifle like a regulation bayonet and she does a better job than a bayonet, Crystal believes.

"Betsy will smash, slash and stab," said the gunnery sergeant. "What else do you want?"

Crystal, who hails from La Grange, Texas, is regimental hand-to-hand combat instructor for the 23rd Marines at Camp LeJeune, North Carolina. He has studied knife-fighting, bayonet and bar-room style battling at Marine Corps posts all over the globe. And he thinks of Betsy as a sort of deadly symbol of all of his years of rough-house research. He keeps the knife with him almost all of the time and he calls Betsy the perfect weapon for in-fighting.

Back in the early 1930's, Crystal was a student of the Marine Corps' most famous bayonet expert, Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, and the gunnery sergeant served as Biddle's assistant in classes at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

According to one story, the six-foot, four-inch Texan was "held up" by a thug, armed with a pistol, one night on a dark Philadelphia street. The neighborhood was awakened by horrible screams. Before the police arrived, Crystal had broken the thug's "pistol arm" in four places.

During his duty at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Crystal found time to take fencing and saber lessons and he studied *savat*, or "kick fighting," at the Philadelphia Athletic Club under a French instructor. Now the gunnery sergeant is as nimble-heeled as a young mule. He can stand on one foot and kick a tall man in the eye with a lightning motion.

While serving overseas, Crystal improved his knife-fighting technique in Mexico, China, Panama and Cuba. But he says he learned the most about scientific throat-slitting from the Moros in the Philippine Islands.



**CRYSTAL APPEARS** in a characteristic pose in this sketch by Sergeant Pat Denman of THE LEATHERNECK.

For a number of years, Crystal was a bayonet instructor at the Parris Island Recruit Depot. Thousands of boots learned their bayoneting ABC's in the tall Texan's classes. Colonel Louis R. Jones was then commanding officer of the Recruit Depot. When Colonel Jones became C.O. of the 23rd Marines, he had Crystal (and Betsy) transferred to his regiment.

Since then, the gunnery sergeant's days have been pretty well filled instructing the officers and men of the 23rd. But he has found time to hold some classes in close quarters battling for army officers at nearby Camp Davis.

Crystal is not without a sense of humor. When he's giving a "dirty fighting" exhibition he gets someone to volunteer to act as his stooge. Then he remarks, casually, to the stooge:

"The last guy who helped me on this

went home in a pine box."

"When you throw your knife at a Jap, you may kill him," he said, "but you've thrown away your offense and your defense (unless you carry a belt-full of knives) and one of his pals will get you, probably. I don't think a knife should be thrown in battle except as a last resort."

Crystal has a fine sense of drama, and he often opens a class by disarming two bayonet-armed men with his bare hands. He's a pleasant enough fellow when not "working." But, in action, he is a rather fearsome sight. He has bushy red hair, sprinkled with gray, and his eyes look balefully from under a thick crop of eyebrows. Crystal's stooges in combat classes complain that he hypnotizes them.—F. X. TOLBERT

THE END

THE LEATHERNECK

# Old YOUNG MEN

**W**HAT about our young men who became older men — almost overnight? What will their life be when they lay down the tools of war and resume a place in peaceful society? A Marine poses the question—and the grave problem—in a letter to his wife. By request, the names are fictitious. But thousands of Marines are writing the same letters, and thousands are wondering about the same post-war problem. What do you think? Dear Peg:

After suffering a famine in correspondence, I received nine letters from you this morning. I read them in the order they were written, arranging them by the dates, and believe me, I had a regular holiday for myself. Until more mail is received, I shall read them again and again. They are my contact with the outside world; a contact more personal than radio because you have written them in your own hand. They'll get dirty and perhaps torn in handling, but they are treasures, nevertheless.

There has been little action here for the past fortnight, and at times we have been bored. It may seem strange to you, on the other side of the world, to realize that. You, perhaps, think that because we are in a combat zone, where deadly fighting has gone on, where men have died horrible deaths, that boredom is the last thing that could invade this section. But it is true.

I have been playing checkers quite a bit with Bill, Stanley (he's the boy from Buffalo) and Warner, the fellow from Boston, whose broad "A" is still amusing after all these weeks.

The other night, Stanley emptied his pockets of "souvenirs"—11 ears from dead Japs. It was not disgusting, as it would be from the civilian point of view. None of us became emotional over it. I tell you, Peg, it is quite common for the boys to gather this type of "souvenirs." Stanley very seriously told me that he was unable to get the 12th ear because he shot the Jap through the side of the head and the ear was too mangled.

As he humorously tried to sort them by pairs, I couldn't help wondering about the things to come in the future. I mean, how would Stanley be when he returned to civilian life when the war is over. And not only Stanley, but the thousands and thousands of Stanleys who are fighting for democracy all over the world and killing thousands and thousands of men. He's only a kid. I don't think he's 20 yet. But, he has taken the lives of men and is as hard as

granite in this business of kill or be killed. He makes an excellent soldier; there's none better. But is bloodshed and butchery going to make a change in him when he returns to the United States to start living as a civilian?

I wondered about that. I wonder if these boys, whose transformation from youngsters into hardened, death-dealing men, can really throw off the instinct of killing that has been cultivated in them and settle down. Is it possible that a boy returns from the war, with a record of killing many men, and goes back to jerking sodas, or working in the machine shop or settles down to the quiet life on the farm?

I think an older man can do this successfully. I think a man like myself, who was started on his civilian pursuit, and who was fairly settled, can do this. I had the natural boyhood and emerged into manhood. But these boys didn't finish their boyhood and suddenly became men. They became men overnight. They have chins with a peach fuzz for a beard, yet their eyes tell you that they are as old as the hills. In theory, we are told that when a man returns from the wars, he plunges into

the task of making a niche for himself in the peaceful world.

I don't think it is a case for psychologists or any kind of ologists to ponder over. I think it is up to the people, the law-makers, to do something for these old young men. I don't know what should be done, I'm sure, but certainly, something's got to be done. And they should start planning right now. Instead of all this hullabaloo over post-war planning for splitting up of countries and for policing the world to prevent another war, or more wars, I think these people should first bend all their energies to the biggest job of all—taking care of these boys who grew old overnight; these boys, many just out of high school, who have killed men—for a just cause—and have lived a lifetime in a day, even in a second.

There are plenty of problems for this tired old world, but I look at Stanley and feel that the biggest problem of all for the people of the United States is the peace-time future of the Stanleys who will return.

All my love, dear.

Your devoted husband,

ARTHUR.



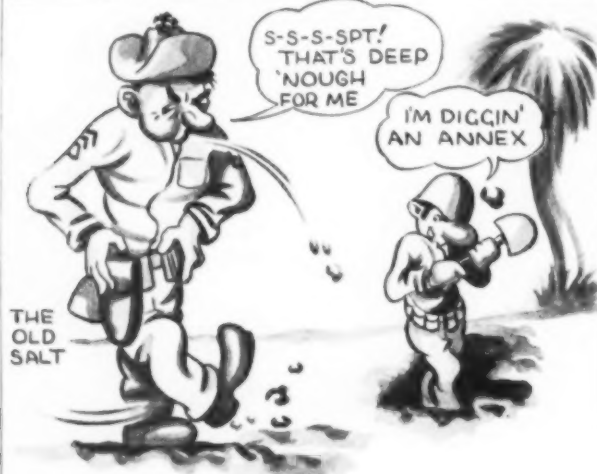
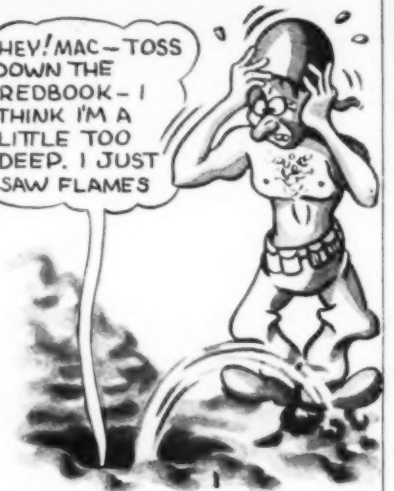
**LOADED AND READY** to fire a kiss of death into the ocean is this long-range 16-inch howitzer, one of many guarding our eastern coast from threats of invasion.

# DIG IN !

SPEAKING OF FOX HOLES—EVERY GOOD COMPANY SHOULD HAVE ONE OF THESE—



HEY! MAC—TOSS DOWN THE REDBOOK—I THINK I'M A LITTLE TOO DEEP. I JUST SAW FLAMES



THE OLD SALT



THE HERO



MOTHER NATURE MAKES STRANGE BEDMATES /

REAR



# WHAT IS Apple "Honey"?

## NEW MOISTENING AGENT

Apple "Honey" is our name for an amazing new moistening-agent developed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Recently scientists working in this branch of the Government found a new way to help seal in the freshness of cigarettes.

## PROTECTS FRESHNESS

Processing the juice of fresh, moist, luscious apples, they developed a bland, honey-colored syrup of no distinctive flavor. Sprayed on tobacco, this extract penetrates each particle to help hold in the moisture after the cigarette is made.

## WE CALL IT APPLE "HONEY"

We call this latest Old Gold triumph Apple "Honey." We believe it superior to glycerine, now needed at the battle fronts.

## DOES NOT CHANGE THE TASTE!

Apple "Honey" is not a flavoring. It does not change the taste of Old Golds. You enjoy the same delicious flavor—the same fine tobaccos, including Latakia. Apple "Honey" simply helps keep Old Golds fresh on their way to you. Get a pack today!

P. Lorillard Company—Established 1760

NO  
CHANGE  
IN  
TASTE!



BUY MORE  
WAR BONDS  
NOW!

# Old Gold

CIGARETTES

**LOWEST** IN NICOTINE  
**LOWEST** IN THROAT-IRRITATING  
TARS AND RESINS

As shown by unbiased, independent,  
unsolicited tests of 7 leading brands  
—made for Reader's Digest

SAMMY KAYE'S BAND AND GUESTS! WEDNESDAY EVENINGS CBS NETWORK

# SPORTS

## BRIEF BLURBS

**H**ERE'S an issue if anyone wants to start a good argument:

Officers in the Navy Preflight training program at Del Monte, Calif., conducted an exhaustive survey and officially announced that it showed men from west of the Mississippi were better physical specimens than those from the east.

Go to it, men! There's plenty of meat for a verbal-royal.

No wonder the Texas League, one of the better baseball circuits, voted to close shop for the duration. The owners counted noses and discovered they only had 71 players to go around for the eight clubs. But the Texas League will be back.

One of the toughest fights of all times was between Harry Greb and Mickey Walker. It took place in a New York night club—just a few hours after they had waged a gory 15-round match in the ring at the Polo Grounds. Greb won the legal engagement. The brawl was a draw.



Statistics kept by some human adding machine disclosed that in professional football the team that loses a game had as many plays during the affair as the winning eleven.

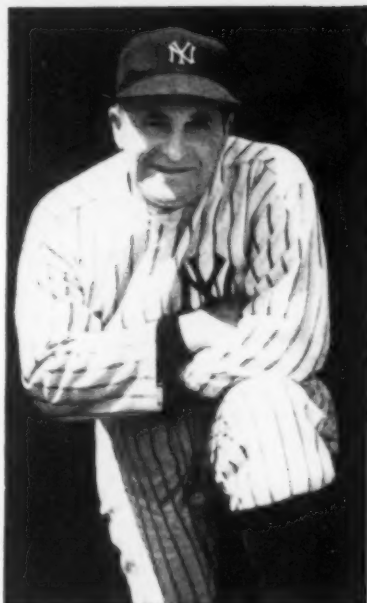
As for college football, the so-called experts have already put a curse on Paul Brown, coach of Ohio State. They say he's due to have one of the best teams in the nation next fall. Added thought: Maybe the college crop won't be so good anyhow.

Earl Sheely, scout of the Boston Red Sox, literally broke into baseball with two strikes on him. It happened in Seattle when he was sent in to pinch hit for a batter who already had two strikes on him.

On the first pitch Sheely thought it was a sure third strike, but the umpire called it a ball. The opposing catcher squawked and the umps silenced him him. "Any kid breaking in oughta have a chance to look one ball over."

On the next throw Sheely flied out. "And in the eleventh inning I made an error that cost us the ball game. After that I was released."

(Turn to page 56)



**MASSA JOE** now has his troubles.

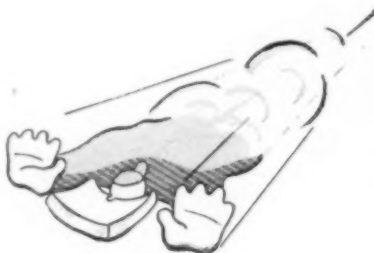
## THE FADING YANKEES

**S**HADES of the mighty Yankees of old!

There was no deliberate compliment to the New York Yankees when the experts picked them to win the American League pennant this year. It was just a matter of choosing them as the best of a sad lot. That and the fact that it's an annual custom to pick them to win the pennant.

But the 1943 Yankee machine is a problem vehicle. Any relation to the club's past great organizations is purely accidental. Mr. Joe McCarthy has a busy season ahead. Massa Joe, for the first time since he took over the managerial reins of the world's most fabulous ball club, will have to build a championship outfit. It isn't fair to say, as some have, that McCarthy will have to prove himself a great manager this year. Most observers believe he has already carved a nice spot for himself in the annals of baseball.

But the fact remains that McCarthy will have more troubles than ever before, which includes the era he went



through upon taking the Yankee job in 1931. And that takes in a lot of territory, for in those days he had to overcome a "minor league" complex and guide a great ball club of temperamental stars, including the greatest of them all, George Herman Ruth.

To put the case frankly, McCarthy's 1943 Yankees are the worst looking club he has ever handled in the big leagues. He has lost three-fourths of his infield, the best part of his outfield and the dean of his pitching staff—all off to the wars. Joe Gordon is the only returning infielder and Charley Keller is his only regular outfielder back. Gone are Joe DiMaggio and Tom Henrich from the outfield and Buddy Hassett and Phil Rizzuto from the infield. Reliable old Red Ruffing is in the army and Lefty Gomez was traded to Boston's Braves.

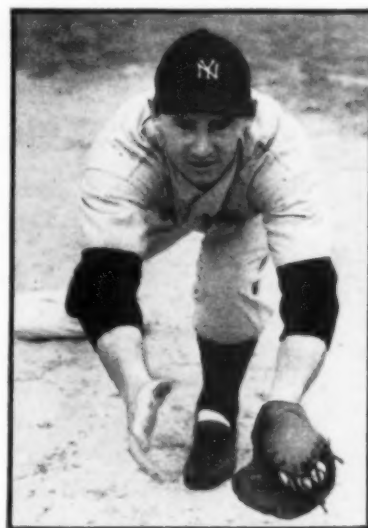
The other clubs have lost great men, too, but that nine-game lead the Yankees finished with last year may look enormous by the time the present campaign comes to a close.

And when can you recall a Yankee outfielder pushed back to the eighth spot in the batting order? It must have been many years ago, yet McCarthy shifted a pitcher, Johnny Lindell, to the outfield, and when the season opened Lindell was next to last in the batting order.

The big gun, DiMaggio, is now in the army air forces ground crew. Falling heir to his place in center field is Roy Weatherly, late of the Cleveland Indians—a good player who, rightly or not, was prominently mentioned in the rebellion against Oscar Vitt several years ago.

"I figured I might be traded after the season ended last year, but I never thought I'd wind up with the Yankees."

(Turn to page 62)



**IT'S GORDON** in the clean up spot.

THE LEATHERNECK

# Gist

## OF THE MONTH'S NEWS

### TRENDS

**AFTER SIX MONTHS WE CLEAN UP TUNISIA**, moving straight on toward Sicily, Italy, Sardinia. Italian Army threatens revolt against ruthless German commanders tossing Dagos overboard to lighten ship before approaching storm of United invasion. Musso's government all packed to go; Italian Navy ready to pull another Toulon if Nazis insist on fighting giant British fleet. But it will be another six months before Italy is officially knocked out, Crete and Greece recaptured, Mediterranean finally cleared. Watch eastern islands—Rhodes, Dodecanese, Crete—for naval action and landings, preparing for invasion of Balkans. Turkey may sign up with United team when real action begins.

**UNDERGROUND EUROPE AWAITS THE WORD** to shove an axe up the Axis, while invasion rumors sweep the continent, R. A. F. and U. S. round-the-clock bombings grow heavier, sabotage and revolt more openly violent. Nazis feverishly fortify "Festung-Europa" (Fortress Europe), drive civilians out of coast areas, put all Dutch soldiers in concentration camps, turn South France coast over to Italians, try to dig more manpower out of balking Balkan States. Giant poison gas reservoir growing in Poland to cover possible Nazi retreat; 60 foot walls and artillery defenses in depth ring "Invasion Coast." Any week-end now Adolf can expect callers.

**SCANDINAVIA HOTTER THAN THE TROPICS** as fires of hatred against Nazis flame forth in Occupied Norway, neutral Sweden, Axis Finland. British paratroop-saboteurs have established bases in Norway and Denmark, wrecked industry and communications. Norwegian schoolboys, rebelling against draft into Nazi army, are forming guerrilla bands in the mountains. German fleet massed in Norse fjords must be shifted constantly to dodge saboteurs, Commandos, R. A. F. Sweden sits up and talks back to Nazis after three serious violations of neutrality: attack on Swedish subs, bombing of Swedish naval base, reconnaissance flights over neutral land. (Iceland's had raids too. Jerry has the jitters!) Swedes, mobilized and strongly anti-Nazi, would stop trade with Germany if Allies could open market route via Norway or Murmansk. Finland, panicky over break with U. S., would make separate peace if Allies could guarantee protection against both Nazis and Russians. The land of the Midnight Sun is wide awake, waiting its chance to strike a blow at Hitler's most exposed flank.

**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S VISIT TO MEXICO**, Vice-President Wallace's tour of South America, made Good Neighbor policy begin to pay off. Bolivia declared war on Axis; Brazil has troops in Africa; Mexico and Cuba want to send men to police African ports. Look for lots more Good Neighborly visiting next month—Washington Marines stand by to stand honor guard.

Meanwhile, Navy takes over Martinique, last Vichy-French colony, thereby bolstering Panama Canal defenses, completing chain of island bases from Bahamas to Trinidad.

**JAP AIRPOWER SOARS OVER PACIFIC**—New model planes, freshly trained pilots, begin mass attacks on Australia, New Guinea, Aleutians, other islands. Ten thousand troops and workers, quartered underground at Attu and Kiska, rush

### GEN. ANDREWS KILLED



... in plane crash off Iceland... invasion of Europe delayed as key man must be replaced...

### DID SOMEBODY TALK?

runway for heavy bombers to raid Alaska, shipping to Russia, perhaps West Coast. 200,000 troops mass northwest of Australia; MacArthur, finally converted to air power, fears case of "Too Little, Too Late," demands more planes to protect hard-won U. S. gains in Pacific. As tension rises, question is who will jump who? And how much involved?

**AXIS PROPAGANDA PARROTS SOUND OFF** as United Nations family squabbles hit the headlines: Russian break with Poland over Goebbels' yarn of Red massacre of Polish officers; British-U. S. arguments over bombing methods, British illegal imprisonment of Gandhi; U. S. failure to satisfy all peoples of North Africa; Russian impatience with U. S. delay in invading Europe; Chinese bitterness over U. S. failure to send promised planes; general misunderstanding of average United citizen of home problems of other nations (U. S. is the worst). Despite Goebbels' cat-calls and poisoned darts, United peoples will stand together to win the war. But what about the peace? Looks as though the same old dog-eat-dog politics, favored by U. S. Congressmen and labor leaders, would continue to rule the world, stir up another war as soon as we get over this one.

### THEY SAY—LAST MONTH'S QUOTES



"Men, I congratulate you on being Marines. You are a credit to the Marine Corps, and I can't say more than that."

—Pres. Roosevelt to Boots at P. I.

"Tojo say to fire two shots and Americans run like hell. Marines not American; we fire two shots and they charge."

—Jap prisoners at Guadalcanal.

"We are engaged in a high speed war with the Japs. Thirty seconds is a lifetime in battle. If you don't make a decision in 30 seconds, you lose your life and your ship."—Lt. Comdr. Robert Montgomery.

"I didn't get anything from the Germans in the last war. They must have been saving it up to give me here."—Gen. McNair, wounded in Tunisia.

"I am sure of victory, but the fight will be very hard. The German army is still powerful, and Germany's internal structure is much stronger than in 1918."

—Gen. Giraud, French Commander in Africa.

"The Russians are not afraid of the devil himself."

—Canadian airmen in Murmansk.

"Before the war every Australian thought the 'Digger,' the Australian soldier, was the best fighter in the world. But since, we have come to realize that the Digger has a twin brother, equal in fighting ability. This brother is the U. S. Marine."

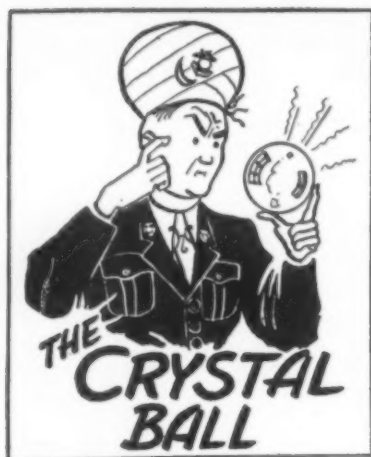
—14-year-old Australian boy.

"High school students have but one future... to prepare themselves to win this war."

—Eddie Rickenbacker.

"The war isn't going our way fast enough to suit me."

—Senator Carter Glass.



Those April showers of heavy bombs which United air power rained on the Axis should bring plenty of rosy news by mid-June, according to that specialist in early bloomers and late rumors, Pvt. Swami.

For this month's really exotic numbers, Pvt. Swami goes way out on a limb and picks:

**1—Heavy Naval Action in Mediterranean.** British fleet of 3 battleships, 2 carriers, cruisers, destroyers, and landing boats has moved east from Gibraltar, joined by U. S. and other United units from Red Sea. Probable aims: to clean up Axis outposts in Mediterranean (Rhodes, Dodecanese, Crete, Sicily, Sardinia, Pantelleria) prior to three-way invasion of Europe via So. France, Italy, Greece; then to bottle up Italian fleet, blockade coasts, send Commando parties ashore ahead of main invasion.

**2—Caucasus in the News Again.** Hitler to launch new drive for Caucasus oil, grain, ore, based on Kuban Peninsula, with Russians trying desperately to knock out Nazi beach-heads before the Junker juggernaut starts rolling again. Odds are against German success here. Watch sectors around Leningrad, Orel, Kharkov, Rostov for Red flare-ups.

**3—Surprise Raid on Tokyo—or U. S. West Coast, Alaska.** Depends on which side jockeys into position first, but in either case, retaliation raid is sure to follow. Leaders of both sides have promised raids, however suicidal. It's a case of which guy gets outsmarted; it's about our turn to look smart again.

**4—Conference of United Leaders** to plan next steps after Tunisia. Main angle is greater Russo-British cooperation, drive to regain lost confidence of smaller nations. Tough part is getting Stalin to leave war-time Russia, to confer with Mme. Chiang & high British authorities, discuss crisis in India and Burma which is strangling China.

## "WHAT IS SO RARE—

... as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days!—says the poet. Just a year ago, days were anything but "rare." Take a look at the record from 1942 GIST headlines:

British fight French to control Madagascar.

1,000 RAF planes blast Cologne, Essen.

Japs bomb Dutch Harbor, make landings in Aleutians.

Battle of Midway foils Jap invasion thrust.

Nazis slaughter entire village of Lidice.

Navy announces loss of "Lexington" in Coral Sea.

Nazi Armies advance on all South Russian fronts.

Japs close in on Chinese rail centers, raid Darwin, Australia.

U.S. & R.A.F. bombers blast Italian fleet.

Churchill in Washington to confer with FDR.

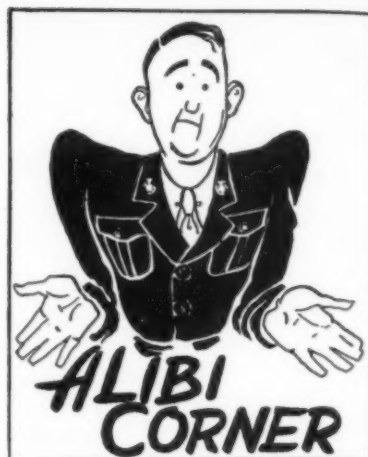
Rommel captures 25,000 British at Tobruk, drives on into Egypt.

Jap sub shells U. S. West Coast.

Axis Caribbean spy ring smashed.

Just to show you how little really changes "As Time Goes By," check this June's headlines with 1942's. The U. S. is taking over the French island of Martinique, alleged Caribbean spy nest. After a year of "block-buster" bombing, Cologne & Essen are still important German targets. The Japs are stronger than ever in the Aleutians, threaten Australia, U. S. West Coast again. U. S. Navy still has Japs blocked, still withholds news of latest sea action. Nazis have found wholesale slaughter will not crush Europe's peoples, but they keep on trying it, knowing no other way. And they are still trying to grab the Caucasus they started out to take last June, still trying to get the Italian fleet to do something but dodge bombs.

In the South Pacific and North Africa, June days are fairer and warmer for United prospects. But there's more bleak truth than rosy poetry in the global picture. We'll have to move faster this summer, or the Japs may be right. Their people are planning a "Twenty Years' War"! And Jap women are committing hari-kari in droves to release husbands, loved ones for service in the army. Happy June brides of the Samurai sword!



Pvt. Swami went into last month's trance on a bed of pain in a little shack in sick-bay—which may account for its being almost 100% right. Nothing like the fever cure for clearing the crystal ball! As predicted:

**1—Rommel flew the coop in Tunisia** (to prepare Sicily's defenses) left Von Arnim holding bag. Afrika Corps, desert specialists, not so useful in Europe, were left fighting to last man to gain precious time for Nazi fortifications of Mediterranean Coast. At least 60,000 Axis prisoners taken, with heavy casualties to U. S., British, French troops.

**3—This year's struggle in China** is no longer for railroads, but for air bases. Revived Jap air force blasted hell out of big new airfields, readied for heavy bombing of Japan. U. S. fighter pilots maintained superiority, but Japs have big edge in numbers. Jap ground troops, using gas, moved in on supply centers, threatened to undo year's patient work by Chiang's coolies, Chenault's aces, unless help comes in time.

**4—Naval shelling of Attu,** dozen raids a day on Kiska, were opening guns in summer campaign against Japs massed in Aleutians. What looked like a nice fool-proof little rat trap, suddenly turned into a plague spot threatening to overrun Alaska, West Coast.

**5—Marines quietly occupied Ellice Islands,** another step nearer giant Jap base of Truk. While Japs shelled our new installations we bombed Nauru and Tarawa, in Gilbert Islands, next ports of call.

In New Guinea-Solomons sector, Jap air resistance stiffened overnight, turned into small scale offensive. Daily U. S. poundings at Munda, Rekata, Kavieng, Rabaul continued. Japs retaliated with massing 200,000 troops in islands northwest of Australia, did heavy damage to Port Darwin, opened "sub-pack" warfare on Pacific life line. Neither side could muster enough strength for major thrust, but it won't be long now.



Headlines were headaches this month, with the war at halfway mark and United leaders at last in the driver's seat, but galloping in all directions at once. So many kinds of dope were handed out that the public couldn't swallow them all, didn't know which to take first. Axis propaganda peddlers quickly raised several messy questions which United leaders would prefer to have overlooked.



1—Is the "Get Hitler First" Policy Working Out for the Best?

It took us six months to take Tunisia, it may take another six to clear the Mediterranean, the Baltic and North Seas before beginning final assault on Hitler's inner fortress. That's a year behind original schedule of marching into Berlin next Christmas—a year gained by Rommel, Doenitz, Goering to make Germany tougher to crack, a year gained for Japan, gorging herself on new conquests, growing stronger in Philippines, Malaya, Burma, Indies.



United Command still sees this policy as the best-and-only-way out. Stalin demands a second front this year; Churchill and Roosevelt have promised it. Over half our war output is going to England, Africa, or Russia.

But Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, are appealing to U. S. to send more men, planes, guns, against Japan now. They argue Hitler is already punch-drunk, on the way out. But Nippon is on the upswing, must be stopped before all Asia and South Pacific turn Jap-happy.

Chances are that they won't get much more—because U. S. industrial front still isn't producing enough to go around. More important, there aren't enough ships or cargo planes to get supplies to all fronts. U. S. produce is piled up all over globe, awaiting distribution. Impatient United fighters look to U. S. to solve production tangle, wipe out U-boat threat, answer all demands. So far, the going has been discouragingly slow.

2—What About the Red Menace? Yellow Peril? Black Magic?

We will not have to fight Russia after this war. (See May GIST, p. 35.) The Communist-Bolshevik party as an international factor, is as obsolete as the blunderbuss. The post-war menace to America will come from misguided leaders, misinformed peoples.

The Yellow Peril is with us right now. Japs are massed north of Australia. Observers in Aleutians warn of ominous activity, while Jap subs and planes are thick now between Guadalcanal and Samoa. Some move will be made for propaganda value, to feed Tokyo public (still ignorant of recent Jap reverses), "save face," try out new troops, weapons, tactics.

Black Magic is about the only thing that can solve the current Black Market and Negro problems on U. S. home fronts. Extreme food and labor shortages put high premiums on fresh meat and manpower. Greatest untapped source of farm and factory workers is pool of 13,000,000 Negroes, now receiving more money, more publicity, more resentment than ever before. Johnny Q. Public will have to learn to change his ideas about calories and the color line, and keep changing them after the war.

Green U. S. troops are no problem at all. Training methods here have proved to be the world's best. "New" Army, Navy, Marine Corps has beaten Axis veterans every time odds were anywhere near even.

3—What is Left of International Law and the Four Freedoms?

Complete freedom is the first casualty of any war, as all service men (and by this time, most civilians) well know. Modern war, Axis style, has no rules at all, except that of self-preservation. To keep alive so we can later keep free, we've had to match all the Axis tricks; grab neutral territory (Madagascar, North Africa, Martinique), muzzle the press (Pearl Harbor, Doolittle raid stories), conscript troops and labor, take over mines and factories, put out foreign propaganda, imprison enemy aliens (Jap-American camps off West Coast), order military rule and a curfew law (Hawaii), strafe helpless troops (Bismarek Sea battle). Britain keeps Gandhi in prison without legal reason; Russia trades oil with our enemy Japan.



It's hard to see at first how out of all this can come anything but the death of individual freedom and international law. But the old principles of fair play, of equal chance for all, are not dead, only suspended for the duration. They are kept alive in the heart of every United fighting man, of every sacrificing citizen, of every good officer, news reporter, political leader. That's another thing the Axis can't understand—and so long as United peoples do understand it, they can never be beaten.

4—Are U. S. Planes Being Used to Full Advantage?

B. A. F. leaders thought U. S. high-level daylight bombing of Europe a great waste, but have since changed their views. Although maximum damage is not done, constant pounding slows up repairs, shatters morale. B-17's and B-24's are in demand on all fronts, since they require less fighter escorts.



Meanwhile, MacArthur uses B-17's at tree-top level against New Guinea Japs, and "skip-bombs" Nip transports. He could use five times as many to break up the Jap backfield huddle at Truk.

Chennault, short of bombers for Burma, has loaded P-40's with 1000 lb. bombs and surprised hell out of the Japs. Catalina PBV's, intended for patrol and rescue work, have dive-bombed the works at Kiska. Old Lockheed Hudsons do double duty as ferries and light bombers, while P-47's stay under wraps.

All this points up terrific plane shortage on all fronts. Yet a 10,000-plane pool is reported held in reserve in U. S. For what, ask front-line generals facing mounting Jap airpower, heavy Nazi ack-ack?



Distribution bottleneck has three solutions: new plane carriers, smaller, cheaper, to rush pursuit ships to front; crackdown on labor absenteeism and union walkouts, halting plane production in big factories; improved transport of plane parts, high octane gas, through U-boat zone and bottlenecks at Murmansk, Iran.

There's no question but that U. S. planes and pilots are world's best air-power team.

5—What's Wrong With the U. S. Home Front?

Recent wave of strikes, climaxed by nation-wide coal-miners' walkout under John L. Lewis, showed many American workers are still fighting the war from a balcony seat at the newsreel. Allies were alarmed over spectacle of Americans at home stabbing Americans at front. Yet some boys overseas wrote home: "If you don't get fairer wages, I won't fight," blamed Washington's failure to keep prices down, food distributed, local leaders in hand. We are just beginning to suffer physically from the war—and the bigbellies are yelling loudest. The Little People are winning the war in spite of their leaders.

# DOOLITTLE'S RAID ON TOKYO



Biggest splash headlines in many months covered story of Jap executions of U. S. flyers captured after last year's Doolittle raid. It left the American public boiling with helpless rage—rage over renewed realization of Jap savagery, bestiality, ruthlessness; helpless because there seemed to be nothing to do about it now except curse and buy War Bonds.

Story itself read like a pulp thriller. Here is the flyers' own account, as given by *Time* and the Associated Press:

We got shore leave the night before we left and everybody went out on a last party. We didn't know where we were going, but we had a darn good idea.

A day or two after we put to sea under Admiral Halsey, Doolittle called us together in the wardroom and said, "Here's your chance to be really wild!"—we were going to hit Tokyo. Naval officers gave us the dope on Jap Army-Navy general layout, industrial setup.

The next few days we just lay around the ship playing poker, shooting craps every night. We had Easter service aboard ship. It was surprising how many people showed up.

The morning of April 18th was a perfect day. We were just getting into Japanese waters, dodging patrol ships. We noticed a little Jap boat at about 0730 and a cruiser sank her right away. We were about 740 miles off Japan then, and had planned to go in to 400 before taking off. But all those little ships have radios, and might warn the Japs (a similar accident tipped off the Germans to the Dieppe raid) so we decided to take off right away.

Never before had such big bombers taken flight from a carrier's 800-foot deck loaded for combat mission. But we had practiced it back on the airfield at Eglin, Fla., and everybody made it O.K. except Ted Lawson, who got excited and forgot to lower his wing flaps. His plane just missed being run down by the "Hornet."

The only formation flight was with Doolittle, who was first off at 0820. All other ships took off from the pitching deck singly at 3 minute intervals, with specific targets assigned—power plants, ammunition dumps, water supply, oil storage, the Mitsubishi plane factory. Naval Intelligence had given us maps of what to hit.

It was a bright sunshiny noon when we hit the coast of Tokyo at wave-top level. We went up to 30 feet. The first

thing we saw was a squadron of pursuit ships practicing above us. They didn't even notice us. We passed a training field, with lots of planes taking off and landing. We flew right down one side, but they didn't pay any attention.

We lined up on a power plant with a balloon barrage off to our left, got three hits out of four. Doolittle says the stuff flew higher than our planes, and one man came up in the air still sitting in a chair—but that was probably baloney.

We didn't dare take the Norden bomb sight with us, so we used a 20-cent sight invented by Major Greening, and it did the trick just fine. We landed at least two bombs on every target, and they did just as well at Yokohama and Osaka. One of our boys got an aircraft carrier or battleship under construction and almost finished. He rolled it right off the ways.

We were running along over the streets just above roofs, and could even see a couple of soldiers leaning against a lamppost. Then anti-aircraft got bad with lots of black puffs, so we settled right down on the bay, so low our props were sucking it up and water banged against the hull. We passed over the whole bay with a dozen warships anchored there, but nobody fired at us. They would have made a wonderful target, but we had orders to hit only specified points. There were a bunch of people sunning themselves on the beach; they waved to us as we went past.

One plane got interception, about five Zeros or I-97's; its turret guns jammed and it dumped its load over the bay before heading down the coast. The Jap anti-air fire was frantic—they shot down one of their own barrage balloons, while we knocked down several planes. We kept coming in from all directions and they couldn't seem to get organized.

We started some terrific block-long fires, and flew right over the Emperor's palace, guarded by barrage balloons. We had orders not to bomb it, though if disabled we could crash-dive into it. Later, Doolittle said, "Hell, I could have knocked the painted chrysanthemums right off Hirohito's bedpot." Next time the orders are going to be different.

Afterwards, from intelligence reports, we heard that more people were killed because of suffocation and inadequate dugouts than by flame or bombs. Their fire-fighting equipment is a joke. We didn't lose a plane over Japan.

After hitting Tokyo we kept down the east coast of Japan, hoping to get through to China. The early take-off had ruined the close calculations we had made, and we were sure to run out of gas, especially when we ran into a heavy rainstorm at about 8,000 feet.

Luckily, we'd had tailwinds most of the way across the China Sea.

About 10 o'clock that night it was darker than the inside of a cow and raining like hell. All over a 70-mile radius our planes were coasting down, red danger lights glowing on instrument panels, showing no gas reserve left.

The sky for the next hour was full of our boys parachuting down. Lucien landed in a pile of brush, wrapped himself in his parachute, and went to sleep. Bither's chute opened while he was still in the plane; he had to repack it before he jumped. When he landed on a mountain ledge, he smoked a cigarette, then tossed the glowing butt down beside him. It fell hundreds of feet into the valley below. He just grabbed the rock wall behind him and didn't move 'til daylight.

Jumping out over strange country in pitch dark rain is quite a sensation. I couldn't see anything, my 'chute got soaked, and I fell so far that I was completely relaxed when I hit the ground. Otherwise I might have been killed, as a couple of the boys were, or had my legs broken, like Lawson's and Ozuk's.

Lawson crawled along on an improvised crutch, met a surgeon from another plane who operated on the mangled leg repeatedly, with hunting knife and no anesthetic, during the week-long trek into friendly territory. Lawson later lost that leg in a Washington hospital.

Fitzhugh's ship landed safely in a rice paddy, and the crew fired it. They could see lanterns, hear the voices of Chinese peasants who were too terrified to approach. It was raining torrents, but the boys slept in a ditch until morning, then took refuge in a pillbox abandoned by the Chinese Army.

Manch had quite an experience. He passed out until daylight. The first thing he saw then was a woman carrying sticks. "She took one wild look at my six feet seven," he said later, "ran into her house and slammed the door. I followed her in, for I was hungry, but no one was there. I looked around and saw the whole damn village disappearing into a bamboo thicket.

"After a while I found an old Chinese who wanted to identify me. First he drew a Japanese flag and pointed to it. I held my nose, and he grinned. Then he brought out a picture of an old English Blenheim bomber and pointed to the insignia. I shook my head again. Then he brought out a four-year-old magazine with a picture of President Roosevelt. I laughed and nodded, pointing first to Roosevelt, then to me. He got the idea right away."

# EPIC TALE WITH A BITTER END

Not all our boys were so lucky. The area we landed in was under Japanese threat and thoroughly infiltrated by Chinese guerrillas. The Chinese Government sent out an almost instantaneous warning to all guerrillas to pick us up immediately. Some Americans fell in bandit lairs, were stripped of their guns and much of their clothes, then fed and turned over to friendly guerrillas.

Peasants everywhere were hospitable. One couple made one of the pilots spend the night in bed with them. Another pilot made contact with a lady missionary, and gave her his white silk 'chute so she could make a wedding dress.

It took months for everyone to come straggling in. Doolittle arrived by river boat after three weeks, and we began counting noses. Two planes fell in enemy territory: eight men captured, two unaccounted for. Capt. York's plane landed in Russia and the crew was interned. The rest—55 of us—made Chungking, where we were warned not to talk to anybody. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek entertained us personally at a great banquet. In a few weeks, all but eight of us returned home, and then to fighting again, most with Doolittle in Africa. Eight of us stayed here in China and eight are in India.

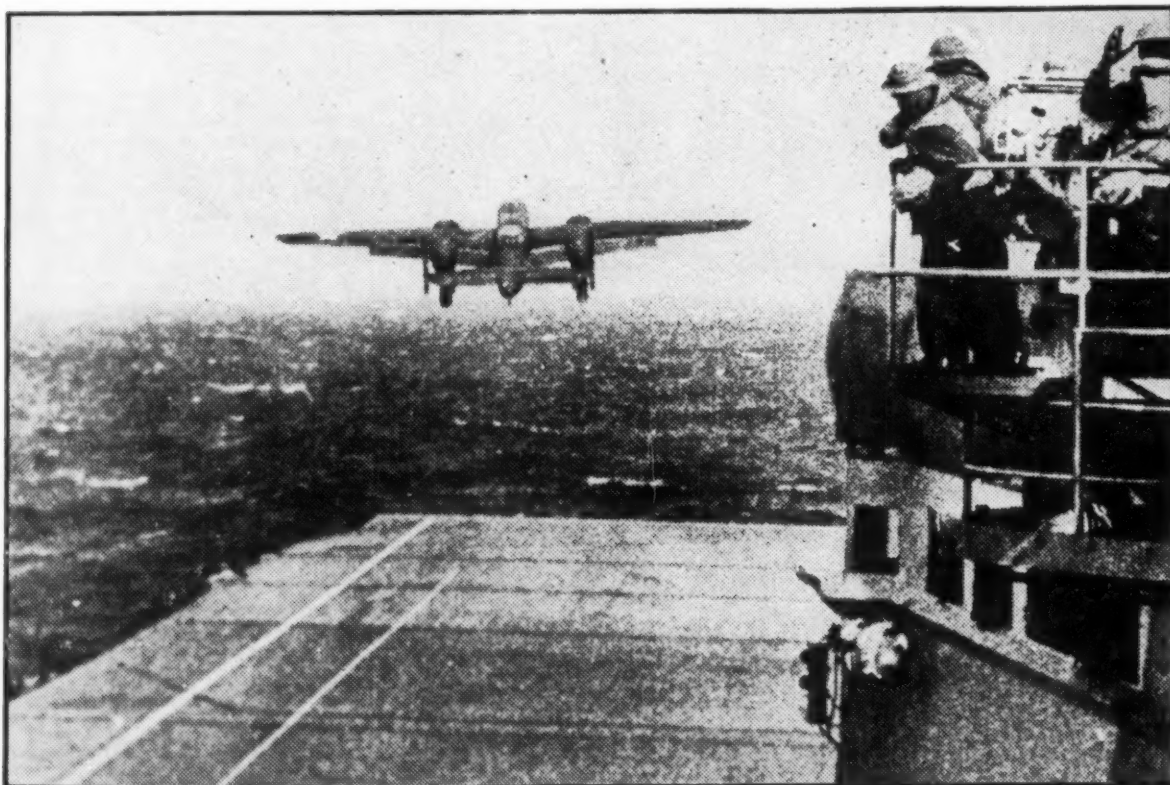
But the raid, although a great boost to U. S. morale when sorely needed, was not a military success. It stiffened Jap morale and home defense, did little permanent harm to Japanese industry, put Japan on her guard and led directly to the Nip campaign of blasting Chinese air fields in Chekiang province, from which the planes might have been based. In retaliation for the aid given U. S. fliers by Chinese peasants, every man, woman, and child in the areas in which the Americans landed were slaughtered by Jap butcher troops. As a final fiendish touch, the 8 captured fliers, still in uniform, were forced to go through a mockery of trial for murder, and then "some" of them were executed, leaving the families of all eight in doubt as to which ones still lived to face further tortures.

Although no one could be surprised, after the horrors of Hong Kong, the bestiality of the Burma campaign, that Japanese have absolutely no regard for international law, no trace of civilized consideration for a foe, the actual news of the killings, hinted at by newsmen for months, came as a shock to the apathetic U. S. public. General Arnold, chief of Army Air Forces, vowed re-

venge with raids "until they beg for mercy." General Kenny, air commander of the South Pacific, assailed Jap actions as "inhuman, barbaric."

Some Americans' helpless rage was directed against their own government for withholding the news until it was a year old. Granted that keeping the enemy guessing was reason for secrecy, (Government claimed silence necessary for good of captured fliers—even after men were executed) it was still plain that the enemy had figured the whole deal out months ago, and had taken steps to prevent its happening again. The Nippon government had even distributed copies of *Life* magazine maps to prove our plans for bombing Tokio again. Americans resented not being told as much as the Jap man in the street. They wanted to see "not year-old pictures of one gallant but pitifully meager raid, but fresh, day-old pictures of raid after raid that leveled Japan into a shambles where not an altar, not a paper house, not a cherry tree or a Shinto temple still stood whole, and where nothing moved in the ruins."

Chances looked good for more bombs over Tokio this year—but not enough to make this pretty picture come true.



DECK BUCKED LIKE A BRONCHO as "first flight for Tokio" left the "Hornet"



# LOVE COMES TO THE AXIS

## IT'S THE SAME THE WHOLE WORLD OVER



In Russia, getting married is a cinch. You take the little woman down to the company clerk's office, fill out a form (not hers), sneeze a few words of Russian, and that makes it legal. Getting unhitched is just as simple in reverse: back to the company clerk, sneeze a couple of times, shake hands, split the children, and you're a free man.

Divorces come easy in Egypt. All the Moslem husbands have to do is say, "I divorce you" three times, and the ball and chain is back in the scrap drive. Wives don't have any say about it—yet—but there's a bill in the Cairo congress rationing Egyptians to one or two wives. Some guys don't know when they're well off!

In the West Indies, U. S. Marines agreed with the Egyptians. When polled on what they would do after the war, great majority answered "Get married!" Which goes to show what the tropics will do for a man's better judgment—or maybe it's the Virgin Island influence!

They have them in New Caledonia, too! Chocolate flavor, heavyweight division, described by a "Yank" correspondent as "definitely improved by being put into clothes by the missionaries. They wear a kind of gaudy bedspread with a hole in the middle, giving a drape shape. The total effect is a double scoop sundae beginning to run, topped by a large black prune."

A Samoan belle almost cornered Barney Ross. He fought an exhibition there against a local Tarzan, and won so handily that a native chieftain insisted on handing out a prize—his 12-year-old daughter. Cpl. Ross deserved another citation for fast footwork in getting out of that one.

He Dood It in London! Real international incident occurred between Winston Churchill's daughter, Mary, and Yank Steve (Feets) Adams. Adams wears shoe size 14EE—biggest the Army QM provides—and Miss Churchill was ribbing him about his dancing, from a safe distance.

Adams decided turn-about was fair play, turned Mary over his knee and gave her "about 20 whacks." "Miss Churchill was embarrassed," Steve's buddy told reporters. "She had just made sergeant, and you know how touchy new non-coms are."

The same idea hit a Pearl Harbor Pfc when word came from the mainland that his wife had enlisted in the WAACs. He immediately requested a 15-day furlough, explaining to his CO that "he wanted to go home and do something he'd always wanted to do to a sergeant." We know what he means!



## THE ETERNAL FEMININE

It happened on a Florida bus. A buck private got talking to the attractive f-f next to him, found she was en route to get married to an Army second lieutenant. Deciding this was a sad waste of good material, he swung into action and started talking—fast. Three days later he married the girl, just as the boot looey appeared on the scene with furlough papers in one hand and marriage license in the other.

It happened in San Francisco. A Marine just back from Guadalcanal won a jitterbug contest at Mare Island. When he and his partner sat down to rest, he rolled up his trouser leg and showed her his pride and joy—an artificial lower leg.

The girl friend, shocked and angry, left him cold and went home. Nothing daunted, the old Raider rolled down his pants leg, picked up a sweater girl, took her home, and pulled the wool over her eyes.

It happened in Detroit. A dog-face stood up Barbara Brown, so she plotted revenge. Pretending to be a telephone operator from various nearby Army camps, she called Detroit police, declared an emergency alarm had been sounded and all men were to return to their posts, on order of the commanding general. Police put it on their teletype, and soon radio cars and patrolmen were breaking up dates, emptying bars. When 2,000 men had been rounded up, 2,000 furloughs ruined, someone thought to check back at the camps, discovered the fake. It wasn't even a Federal offense—only charge on which they could hold her was spreading a false rumor. Proves it's always bum dope to try to snow the troops. Also proves hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, so watch it, Macs!

It happened in Denver. "She had a cute figure and wore a green hat." So Pvt. Henriquez, U. S. Army, explained his sudden dive into a local foxhole. While scouting and patrolling on leave in Denver, he focussed on a passing camouflage job, fell 14 feet through an open coal chute entrance. You'd call that falling for her at first sight!

It happened in Boise. Three local government girls were shooting the shifty feminine breeze.

Said No. 1: "What a cute piece of costume jewelry!"

Said No. 2: "Yes, it's a Marine sweetheart pin. Sgt. Wolf gave it to me."

Said No. 1: "I wish I had one like it."

Said No. 3: "Never mind the knick-knacks. I just wish I had a Marine."

The word got around via Associated Press, and now No. 3 has her Marine—a boot at Dago.

## JUNE BRIDES—USA—1943



THE ALTAR WAS BANKED WITH FRESH GARDEN PRODUCE—THE BRIDE CARRIED A RARE BOUQUET OF ARTICHOKEs



SUMMER HATS



IT'S GETTING SO A GIRL HAS TO CHOOSE BETWEEN 4+ AND 4F



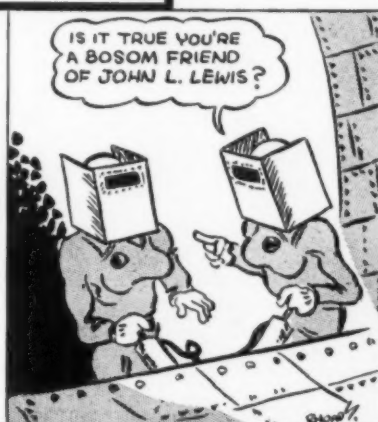
AT THE FRONT



ALONG THE AVE.



THE SLACK IN INDUSTRY



# DO YOU KNOW THESE MARINES?

THEY'VE BEEN IN THE NEWS FOR MONTHS AS OUTSTANDING  
CORPS PERSONALITIES. IDENTIFICATION ON P. 72.



Author of books on China, commander of a reckless Marine outfit which led where others feared to follow.



The identity of this courageous leader is well known to untold hundreds of Marines. Also Tojo's Nips.



Once he sold insurance, later was aide to his noted dad, but best of all, he fought on Makin Island.



Moviestruck girls said he was wonderful, and so did Hollywood when he enlisted as a boot in the Corps.



A famous airfield was named after this man, an aviator and a hero, who performed a most amazing feat.



Windy City sports fans worshipped this man for years. He's over 40, a bachelor, a graduate of Baylor.



Pocahontas had a boyfriend and the Marine Corps has a great airfighting officer. It's a well known name.



You must easily recognize this subject's likeable features, but he is hardly likeable against a Zero.



This young man married a beautiful blonde actress. He starred in pictures, too, but retired to enlist.

## AT EASE

**M**OVIE-GOERS soon may get the idea that the Marines are showing Norway out of the picture(s). Think nothing of it. The Marines are just moving in on a cycle which Norway inspired and which the film-makers have about exhausted.

For weeks the screens of the nation have been showing the plight of the brave but conquered Norwegians. "The Commandos Strike at Dawn" came first, and then 20th Century-Fox broke out with the John Steinbeck best-seller, "The Moon is Down." Warner Brothers have "Edge of Darkness" newly released.

And now come the Marines—although they have never been far away from the fancy of the Hollywood idea-men. Soon we will have a picture about the Marine Raiders. R-K-O is making it. We don't know who the leading Raider is, but Anne Shirley is going to be in the movie. No self-respecting Raider would think of raiding if he didn't have Anne or some other Fi-Fi to fight for—and over. At least, no movie raider would.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going all-out, it would seem, with two pictures about Marines—"Salute to the Marines," starring Wallace Beery, and "You Can't Fool a Marine," which apparently will be on the lighter side. It'll feature Eleanor Powell, who should find out that it is very hard to fool a Marine.

20th Century-Fox bought the biggest Marine book of them all, "Guadalcanal Diary." The screen story is in preparation, but rest assured this studio, one of the richest in the industry, will go to town on this one. Remember "What Price Glory," with its terrific battle scenes? Fox, before it merged with 20th Century, made that one and it still ranks as one of the best war pictures of all time.

Back to Norway and Hollywood's treatment of its tragic case. "The Commandos" and "The Moon is Down" are comparable in that both approach the subject from a more psychological angle. They tell *WHY* Norway was invaded. The brothers Warner came along with "Edge of Darkness" and show *WHAT* happened to Norway.

And in typical Warner fashion, they show it with action. Action that fills the theater with the roar of gunfire; action that shows a man, a Norwegian, getting kicked around; action that shows death in its Nazi-horrible manner. The Warners, who built an enviable reputation in producing gangster pictures with bloody effects, transferred this talent to war films. And to go back to "Guadalcanal Diary" momentarily, it might be added that Darryl

*A private, rear rank, known as Buck  
Gets most of the mail in the truck—*

*From Maine, Jersey, Texas*

*And all marked with X's—*

*Vitalis sure brings a guy luck!*



## For well-groomed, handsome hair— Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!"

**J**UST using Vitalis won't bring Mr. Whiskers' mail trucks rolling up to your tepee. But there's more truth than poetry in the jingle above. Neat, well-groomed hair is a sign you know the time of day and deserve the time of dames. So begin with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" right away!

Rub Vitalis vigorously on your scalp. Feel the "tingle" that announces circulation is being awakened in your scalp.

As you apply Vitalis, you help to defend your hair against sun that might bake it lifeless . . . showers that drench away necessary scalp oils.

Next, comb your hair. It's easy to manage, no trouble to keep in place. And that subdued, good-looking lustre would never remind anyone of a "patent-leather" shine. So get yourself a bottle of Vitalis at your Post Exchange, or any drug store, today!

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

## VITALIS

### UNDER WARTIME CONDITIONS

Wartime Vitalis is made under government restrictions that affect most products today. But you still get *all three* benefits from Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout". (1) Keeps hair well-groomed (2) helps rout loose dandruff and (3) helps prevent excessive falling hair.





*Who Said:*  
**"We can start at once.  
 We made preparation  
 on the Way!"**



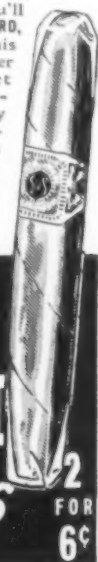
*One of the*

famed sayings of World War I, made when the British asked Commander Joseph K. Taussig, USN, when the American destroyer flotilla would be ready for action . . . a fighting phrase worthy of a fighting American.

**A famous saying  
 of this war is:  
 KING EDWARD, please!**

Value-smart, quality-wise Americans long ago discovered the superb smoking qualities of KING EDWARD, America's most popular cigar. They carried their preferences into the Armed Forces . . . and so today, wherever men gather to buy smokes you'll hear them say: KING EDWARD, please! Why not try this great cigar today? Discover for yourself how to get amazingly great smoke-pleasure for amazingly small cost. Each big, mel-low KING EDWARD gives you 40 full minutes of enjoyment. The cost? . . . only 3c each—2 for 6c everywhere.

**KING  
 EDWARD  
 Cigars**



2 FOR 6c

Zanuck, executive producer at 20th Century-Fox, was one of the men who, when producing at Warners years ago, brought gangster killings up, (or down), to the level they reached.

Marines should like "Edge of Darkness." It is not for the squeamish. It is not a study of a conquered, brow-beaten people. It's a picture that shows how they were beaten. "The Moon is Down" is a marvelous job of character study, with a kindly old mayor the leading figure in a village taken over by the Germans. "Edge of Darkness," in effect, shows this kindly old figure, and many others, young and old, maltreated and murdered by the invading Hun. Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan are the box-office names, but they're supported by a superb cast that make the picture what it is—which is good.

**BRIEFS ON FILMS**

The Andrews Sisters have taken "Beer Barrel Polka," which they helped popularize awhile back, and put some new words to it. Now it's "Here Comes the Navy." Not in a barrel, however. . . . Abbott and Costello's latest picture started out as "O, Doctor." Then it became "Pardon My Ski." Now it's "Hit the Ice." This may remain the title but don't bet on it. . . . Eddie Duchin, the piano-tickler, joined up to fight—not to play a piano. . . . Clark Gable very sincerely joined up for the same reason. But one of his first chores after finishing Officers' Training was to make an army short. . . . Bing Crosby's car has a radio. Often he tunes in and gets a recording of a Crosby record. He joins in and makes it a Crosby duet.

Good-looking Ann Sheridan went to Mexico for a rest, not romance. And don't believe that yarn about a romance with Errol Flynn. They're friends, but nothing else. . . . Flynn, the porthole artist, has been resting after his famous trial. Did you hear about his reported wire to New York Contractor-Politician Ed Flynn, who was also under official fire? The New York Flynn had trouble about laying some paving blocks. . . . Cowboy Star Roy Rogers drew capacity crowds on his army-movie tour of Texas. As a boy, Rogers' closest contact with cowboy atmosphere was a pair of cowboy boots a friend owned. . . . Army Captain William R. Howard made good use of a 24-hour leave. He married Dorothy Lamour. The report on the wedding said the two hurried to his San Bernardino, Calif., station—so he wouldn't be late. . . . Sonja Henie has a problem. She's lost almost a whole platoon of the male members of her skating chorus.

Biggest surprise hit picture of the year is "Hitler's Children," with Bonita Granville and young Tim Holt, who is now in the army air forces. The picture cost very little to make, but has already made a couple of million dollars. No one thought much of the picture when it was suggested.

THE END

**LIPS  
 CHAPPED?  
 CRACKED?**



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 "LEATHERNECK"  
 Service Figurine**

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Inquire at your P. X. If not stocked, mail \$1.00 and it will be mailed POST-PAID to name and address given.

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Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of



**Mothersill's**

AIR SICK REMEDY

THE LEATHERNECK



## DETACHMENTS

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.—Chips off the paternal block are Privates Richard L. Rush, 17, and Donald H. Rush, 19, of Washington, Penna., sons of a Marine gunnery sergeant and winners of the coveted expert rifleman award. Their father is Gunnery Sergeant Edgar L. Rush, in charge of "A" rifle range here and former member of the Marine Corps National Rifle Team.

The brothers went through "boot" camp together in the same platoon and fired for "record" from the same target. Richard's score was 307 out of a possible 340, while Donald went 13 points better, 320, which is close to the all-time high by a recruit on this range.

A fourth member of the family is in the Marine Corps. He is Sergeant Harold W. Rush, another son, who was with the first assault waves at Guadalcanal and is now somewhere in the southwest Pacific. He was born at Parris Island in 1920, while the Gunnery Sergeant was stationed at this post.

MARINE BARRACKS, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS—A Marine's best friend is his rifle. Runner-up at this out post is the juke organ, which is in operation from reveille to taps and an effective weapon against the loneliness on the beautiful Great Exuma.

The men are unselfish with their nickels and dimes. They sit around, listen, drink colas and "bull session." Tunes that recall memories—of home, the girl left behind—get the big play. Sergeant Michael W. Burak of New York City, PX steward, acquired the machine three months after the Marines arrived. He keeps 75 records, changing the repertoire several times a week.—SERGEANT CHARLES B. KOPP.

MARINE BARRACKS, Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Arrival of warm weather revived interest in sports, and our baseball team is looking for competition outside this base.

New arrivals are Plt. Sgt. Carl, from New London, Conn., and Sgt. R. Savage, from Newport, R. I. Recent promotions: Sgt. Robert Cordner to platoon sergeant, and Pfc. List and this correspondent to corporal. Plt. Sgt. Boquet and Cplts. Cody and Crumline are the latest to desert bachelorhood.—CORPORAL GEORGE STREITWIESER.

MARINE BARRACKS, FORT MIFFLIN, PA.—Recent promotions at this post included seven PFC's and six Corporals. Promoted to Private first class were Donald E. Prentice, James W. Stevenson, Antonio Dindio, Wilson O.

# cool shaves

## SCORE HIT AFTER HIT FOR COMFORT!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers.

**B**LITZED with shaving bite and burn? Strafed by incendiary nicks and scrapes? Then you'd better strengthen your shaving defenses, Mister. Put Ingram's Shaving Cream in supreme command!

Ingram's wilts your whiskers without red tape or delay—makes your beard

a sitting duck for your scampering, sharpshooting blade. And, Man, is that Ingram's lather **COOL, COOL, COOL!** It soothes and refreshes your skin. Yes, and all the while it helps to condition your skin for smooth shaving.

An Ingram's shave leaves your face smoother, younger-looking and really cool-feeling. And long after your razor is back in the bag, the cool, comforted feeling lasts. Get Ingram's today, in jar or tube, at any drug store or Post Exchange.



## INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

IN JAR OR TUBE





## The FIRST GLASS of DEFENSE

FOR RELIEF IN  
HEADACHE, SIMPLE  
NEURALGIA, MINOR  
STOMACH UPSETS OR  
ACID INDIGESTION

You'll never know how much better Alka-Seltzer can make you feel until you try it. At all druggists, by the package or by the glass!



# Alka-Seltzer

*Why Take a Chance?*

## PASTEURIZED MILK IS SAFE MILK

*Delivery in Quantico, Virginia*

BY

**FARMERS CREAMERY  
CO., INC.**

**FREDERICKSBURG, VA.**

Pugh, John T. Phillips, William L. Swan and Donald J. Underwood. Promoted to Corporal were PFC's Jack L. Fox, Robert F. Smith, Paul P. Plessmer, John C. Malone, Joseph P. Keating and Milton C. Gerhart. Recent arrivals are FM 1/c Francis McCormick and assistant cook William Crawford.—PVT. K. W. SHAW.

**MARINE BARRACKS, BALBOA, C. Z.**—Marines here have a new chapel and a new chaplain. Lieutenant B. C. Hanna, USN, of Rochester, N. Y., replaces Lieutenant F. J. Keenan, USN, who left for duty at sea.

Before construction of the new chapel, Marines attended church services in the movie theatre. Ash Wednesday services inaugurated the new chapel.

**DUTCH HARBOR, ALASKA**—The day begins at this Marine barracks at 0545, followed by breakfast, preliminary policing and falling-in for muster at 0730. Informal guard mount is held when weather permits; otherwise, reliefs are mustered in barracks. All posts have shacks in which sentries can get periodic relief from the heavy winds that prevails. Inspections vary from troop and drill, barracks and grounds and gun emplacements.

Marines spend most of their time on this island. Captain Charles N. Crary, USMC, Recreation Officer, is always busy whipping up new contests for sports competition in the recently opened Naval Air Station Recreation Hall. The building houses a spacious



**I DON'T CARE** about knights of old, take off that garter.

theatre, playing two shows nightly, and a gymnasium with two basketball courts.—SERGEANT EDWARD L. VOLK.

**CAMP LEJEUNE, New River, N. C.**—Four young women, each having a relative in the Marine Corps and all employed by civilian contractors here, formally presented two sets of colors to this post in unique ceremonies attended by high ranking officers.

More than 3,000 workers of the construction concerns which built this post contributed to the gifts—one bearing the inscription, "Training Center, New River," the other, "Marine Barracks, New River." One set was presented to Brigadier General James L. Underhill, commanding general of the base, and the other to Colonel James W. Webb, commanding officer of the Marine Barracks.—CAPTAIN ARTHUR WIMER.

THE END



**MARINE DETACHMENT** aboard Admiral King's flagship, *Dauntless*; front, 1st Sgt. F. E. Blake, Cpl. J. F. Koper, Pfc. A. J. Francey, Pfc. J. F. Garofalo, Pfc. R. M. Lee, Pfc. G. W. Atwater, Pfc. E. E. Atherton, Pfc. W. E. Cromling; back row, Pfc. J. R. Harmon, Pfc. G. E. Pierce, Cpl. S. E. Martin, Pfc. J. W. Draughton, Pfc. Francis H. Vallez, Sgt. John K. Hook, Pfc. S. N. Young and Sgt. D. P. Flanagan.

THE LEATHERNECK

## Gaudal' Inspires Gyrene Sculptor



**ARTISTIC MARINE.** Lieut. M. H. Lipton, R.O.C., Quantico, took time out after enlisting and before being called for active duty to sculpt these statues. Inspiration behind the work was the "magnificent fight" made by the Corps in the Solomon Island campaign. He named the work at the top "Guadalcanal," and the statue below he styled simply, "A Marine." The statues have been seen in art exhibits and presently are in New York. Lieutenant Lipton studied art in Europe before the outbreak of war, and continued his work back in this nation.



## Slipshod with a shovel—but cautious about his smile!

**Awkward Squad or Old Campaigner, gums, too, need care. Let Ipana and massage help you to a smile that will find fun on furlough.**

**I**N THE British forces they'd call the new recruit a sapper. But over here, in the states, they shorten it to sap. Yet, while he rates F-minus at engineering, he definitely deserves an A for effort about his smile. You see, his gums—as well as his teeth—receive regular care.

Why do almost everybody's gums need care in this civilized age? It's be-

cause today's well-cooked foods—we all eat 'em!—can't give gums all the exercise they need. Sometimes, gums get flabby, sensitive, and a good way to help them stay firm and healthy is to use what so many dentists nowadays refer to as "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

When you brush your teeth with Ipana—massage a little more of it along your gums. Ipana and massage is the order of the day for teeth that have more sparkle, gums that are firmer, a more winning smile. Get Ipana Tooth Paste at your PX or any drug store.

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

# IPANA



## AND MASSAGE

# Cyrene Gyngles

## HOMEcoming

He landed in San Francisco  
After a little cruise;  
He needed some clothes, he needed some  
hose,  
And he needed a pair of shoes.  
But he had no "seventeen" coupon  
And he didn't know what it was for:  
The clerk inquired, "Is it required?  
Don't you know there's a war?"

He ordered two cups of coffee  
With plenty of sugar and cream.  
He ordered a steak and a chocolate cake,  
As he had in a most pleasant dream.  
The waitress stared in amazement,  
And said as she started to go,  
"You'll have to defer that order, sir;  
There's a war on—didn't you know?"

To that question everywhere asked him  
He answered, "I'm sorry, pal;  
I'm slightly confused, but must be excused,  
I'm just back from Guadalcanal."

OLIVE KATHERINE PITMAN.



## A PRAYER

When the time comes for me to go  
To help my comrades beat the foe.  
It matters not, I'll pay the cost,  
But pray the battles be not lost.

For home and freedom, these we cherish,  
Treasures our foes would banish.  
Then when all this strife is past,  
Let's make the peace forever last.

CORP. PETE GIANNINO,  
Camp Kearny Mesa, Calif.

## A BOOT SPEAKS

So we're living on tradition,  
Some other armed forces say.  
Boys, you're mistaken  
Which we'll prove our way.

I'm just a boot Marine,  
But I'm certain of one hunch:  
The courage shown before us,  
Is now with all the bunch.

We haven't seen any action,  
But we're ready for the test,  
And when the battle cry is sounded,  
We'll try and do our best.

And when on a beach we're landing,  
Far from our homeland,  
We'll prove our proven slogan,  
"The situation's well in hand."

And when this war is over,  
And our country is at rest,  
We hope you'll see and then agree,  
That we survived the test.

Well, I've had my little say,  
It hasn't been a lot;  
But I'm sure it has proven  
We've got something you ain't got.

PVT. MELVIN C. THOMPSON.



"The Clark Bar"  
—the candy bar  
of the nation.  
Peanut butter  
and caramel  
center, delightful  
spun candy, choc-  
olate coated. A  
best seller on  
any counter.

"Zagnut"—  
caramel and  
peanut butter  
center—cocoa-  
nut coated—  
popular every-  
where.

"Winkers"  
—caramel  
and whole fresh  
peanuts, choc-  
olate coated. A  
bar that pleases,  
every time.

"Honest Square"  
is a big favorite  
with the boys  
—filled with  
fresh coconut  
—milk chocolate  
coated.

The men all  
go for

**CLARK'S**  
*Delicious  
Candy Bars*

All Clark Candy Bars are  
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always enjoyable and de-  
lightful. The packages are  
colorful and inviting.


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All Clark Candy Bars are listed with the  
Army Exchange Service. Price agreement  
number 48 for all corps areas.

Bars illustrated above are 2/3 actual size



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More MARINE OFFICERS wear insignia bearing the H-H Trademark than of all other makes combined—there must be a good reason for this overwhelming preference.

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We finish all other miniature and split size films in our famous 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 Beauty Print — Deckled, End-on Margin, and Embossed Date, 8 exp. No. 825 and 127, 35c, 12 exp. splits, 45c, 16 exp. splits, 55c. Send full and money or write for free catalog and complete price list. You will agree that our Modern methods and long experience DO make a big difference.

Artistic Contact Finishing, 8 exp. rolls complete set of deckled-edge embossed, wide-margin prints. Credits for failures. **FREE** Enlargement coupon with each roll. **25c**

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FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.  
2305 North 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



### REQUIEM

*A fortunate man am I that I may tread  
where Marines before have trod,  
Heroes of sea and sky, who long since dead,  
now serve above with God.  
Heroes on land and water, whom war drums  
led  
to sleep in eternal rest,  
They fought for liberty and trails of red  
follow them into the west,  
Heroes of land and sky, lamented dead,  
who sleep beneath hallowed sod,  
Oh, fortunate man am I that I may tread,  
where those of the Corps have trod.*

SGT. LINCOLN S. LITRELL

### MY KID BROTHER

*We think of John as just a kid,  
But how very wise he seems.  
When he writes to Dad of his duties,  
In the United States Marines.*

*"Sorry, Dad, this letter can't be longer,  
I have so much to do,  
But just before I go to bed,  
I'll say a prayer for you."*

*And every day he tells us  
About his uniform of green,  
And how good the candy tasted  
To a hungry, tired Marine.*

*Now I am in the Air Force,  
And Tom is flying high.  
So my heart is wearing wings  
And soaring through the sky.*

*But I can never tell you  
How very much it means,  
To know I have a brother  
In the United States Marines.*

LIEUT. ELLEN JOANNE KIELY  
U. S. Army Air Forces,  
Station Hospital,  
Mitchell Field, N. Y.

THE END



"I CAN GIVE you an upper if you  
don't object to a slight rolling motion."



### "SHOULD I TELL HIM THAT GEM BLADES PREVENT '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW'?"

On all fronts service men are passing along the good word that Gem Blades prevent "5 o'clock Shadow" — messy afternoon beard growth. Yes, sir, Gem's keener, more durable edge keeps your face neat *all day long*. Gems are genuinely economical, too, because they give more shaves per blade. Try a Gem shave!

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## SHORT SHORTS ON MARINES

**G**UADALCANAL was a school for us—not a fight. The real battles are yet to come.” That’s the opinion of Plt. Sgt. Samuel L. Bandy, 22, Savannah, Ga., who was wounded by shrapnel when a bomb landed near his dugout. Valuable, he said, was the opportunity of going on patrols. “We’d run into small groups of Japs from time to time, and that way you could learn pretty quickly what their methods were.” . . . Ten Marines at Bermuda gave ranking officers of many nations a sample of precision drill, and received in return a noisy ovation as Plt. Sgt. Robert Oliver marched them off. Said the *Mid-Ocean News*: “Every gun struck the floor at the same moment, was raised to the shoulder at the same tempo—the entire drill appearing to have been controlled by strings in the hands of a master puppeteer.” In the group were Corp. Joseph G. Hensley, Jr., Miami Beach, Fla.; Pfc. Fred Annala, Troy, N. H.; John L. Farrell, Lowell, Mass.; John C. Hammes, Easthampton, Mass.; Charles W. Madden, Waltham, Mass.; Leon C. Snippe, North Scituate, R. I., and Edward Pershing Shumate, Hannibal, Mo., and Pvt. Clifford Tones, Bridgeport, Conn.

Corporal Edward J. Flynn of Worcester, Mass., kept a weather eye on what appeared to be a dead Jap in a foxhole while he prepared chow for



the boys at Tenaru. After three hours the Nip raised himself and made ready to toss a hand grenade. The messman drilled him through the head with a pistol and continued his chow duties.

“Let a falling cocoa tree bounce once before scooting under it in a jeep.”

is the prescription of Lieutenant Colonel John H. Coffman, of Holdenville, Okla. He and two companions were bowling along in a jeep on Guadalcanal when natives felled a tree directly in front of them. A crash appeared imminent. But, when the tree bounced up after striking the ground, the driver stepped on the gas and they drove under it. . . . Jane Withers, the Juvenile comedienne, is corresponding with Private First Class Garrison O. Schuler of St. Louis, stationed in the South Pacific. Several months ago, in Los Angeles, he took refuge in a garage during a rainstorm. A woman came in to get her car and invited him to her home. She was Mrs. Withers, Jane’s mother. “There’s no romance,” assured the Marine, “we’re just friends.”

On a visit to Italy with his father, who wished to straighten out family affairs in 1936, Felix A. Vidmar, Jr., of Cleveland, then 15, was enrolled in the Fascist army as a rifleman and had to yell “Viva Mussolini!” every 15 minutes. His father succeeded in getting him out of the Italian army and both



returned to this country. Vidmar is somewhere in the south Pacific. . . . Jap machine gunners put 14 bullets in his body and grenades shattered one hand and ripped his clothing to shreds, but Corporal Anthony Casamento, 22, of New York City, held them off until reinforcements arrived. He is now recovering from the wounds at a West Coast hospital. . . . Prize sign at a deadly workshop among coconut palms, somewhere in the Pacific: “Ye Olde Torpedo Shoppe.”

Marines based at Sitka, Alaska, won a basketball tournament recently and were awarded a 24-inch statue. Members of the team were Sergeant Harold L. Arndt, Mondamin, Ia.; Privates First Class Lawrence M. Davidson, Longview, Wash., and Charles M. Johnson, of Hollywood, Calif., and Privates Ralph P.

## SERVICE FOR THE SERVICE— AND THE PEPSI-COLA'S FREE



**FREE** is the word at the \*Times Square Canteen, New York City—47th and Broadway. Any enlisted man can go in and take a free shower, shave with free razor blades, write a letter on free paper—or have a Pepsi-Cola . . . all you can

drink for **FREE!** And the offer holds good in Washington, D. C.—at the \*Pepsi-Cola Canteen, 13th and G Sts. and at the Pepsi-Cola Service Men's Center\* in San Francisco, Mason and Market Streets.

\*In cooperation with N. Y. City Defense Recreation Committee in New York—with Recreation Services, Inc. in Washington, D. C.—with Hospitality House in San Francisco.

Campbell, Youngstown, O., and Edward F. Frietsch, East Peoria, Ill. . . . The indispensable Marine is Corporal Jacob Brug, Jr., of Bay City, Mich., post barber at Great Exuma, B.W.I. Transportation difficulties made him over-leave on his last furlough and the boys were at their wits' end with inspection at hand. They positively refuse to part with him—until an assistant is procured.

That was some shooting, but Rubaha told about another crackshot, Pvt. Benford J. Roberts of New Orleans, who also sighted in on a group of fleeing Nips. "He was a dead-eye, and got eight of them before they disappeared," Rubaha observed. . . . Nomination for sniper-sniping honors: Captain John P. Wilburn of Minneapolis, who was particularly adept at finding monkeys in trees and blowing them out. . . . Corporal Jimmy Green, 21, comes from Van Buren, Ark., but confesses he doesn't know the town's most publicized citizen, Bob (Bazooka) Burns. But Green knows Japs—and they should remember him. Jimmy got wounded, too, but in an unusual way. He was opening coconuts one day, his knife slipped and the 18-inch blade ripped open a wound that required 20 stitches. What a knife. . . . Here's an interesting story, related by Corporal Rex R. Cox, who comes from Rockford, Ill. It seems three Japs stumbled into their camp one night. They appeared to be sailors, Marines and trio played hide and seek and the Nips were tracked to a cave. They were ordered to come out. A few grenades failed to do the trick. Then two Leathernecks, bayonets fixed, volunteered to go in and get them. As they approached, three shots rang out. Inside they found an officer and two sailors, all dead by the officer's hand.

THE boys call him "Two-bits." He's Private Alfonso Francis Twenty-five (honest), of Manchester, N. Y. The family's name was the Italian "Venticinque," but during the last war the father formally adopted the English translation, "Twenty-five." . . . Pfc. Paul V. Toomey left Guadalcanal clad in a blanket. His only "gear" was a bloody Japanese flag, captured in battle. He was wounded in action and military garb was of no concern. . . . Corporal Edward P. Barragan of Firebaugh, Calif., Marine parachute instructor from Camp Gillespie, won the first Marine-sponsored marathon over a rugged 26-mile course in time of 3 hours 6 minutes 10 seconds. Private Michael Yurick, a soldier from Los Angeles, was second, and Paratrooper Lester Donald Shipley of Anderson, Ind., was third. A field of nine started and only three finished. Private Ray Sears, Marine Corps Base track coach at San Diego and former coach at Butler University, paced the field for half the distance but became ill and had to drop out. The race started at Green Farm, Marine Officers' Indoctrination camp five miles northeast of Camp Elliott, passed



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are like  
**SHOES WITHOUT COLOR**



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## The Honey-Cured Smoke

Just pick it up and smoke it. You'll be astonished that you don't have to "break it in." Honey, in the bowl, has done that for you, already. No waiting for it to become fit to smoke, as with some pipes. The honey keeps on mellowing your smoke, too—a Yello-Bole stays sweet continuously as thousands of pipe-smokers will testify. Talk it over with the man who smokes a pipe, and get his recommendation of Yello-Bole.

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through Elliott, Camps Miramar, Linda Vista, Matthews and Callen, and on down the main highway to the base.

From teaching economics in the University of Chicago to a captaincy in the Marines is the unique record of Captain Paul H. Douglas. For several months he served in a special capacity as commanding officer of the Personnel Classification section. Now he's in command of a recruit battalion. . . . Sergeant James Quentin Burchwell, 23, of West Van Lear, Ky., lost two things at Guadalcanal. Or should we say 41—40 pounds and his Kentucky drawl. He helped dynamite Japs out of caves on Tulagi and then one day \* \* \* "As we passed into a clearing, Japs opened fire with their automatic weapons. I shouted for the men to take cover, but before I could protect myself, a bullet ripped through a bone in my leg." . . . "It was like flushing quail back home," explained Pfc. Frank H. Rubaha of Perth Amboy, N. J., describing one skirmish. "I sent a burst or two into a likely thicket and four Japs ran out, heading pell-mell for a ridge. As they neared the top, about 600 yards away, I opened fire again. I missed but they froze in their tracks just long enough for Gunnery Sergeant Jesse R. Glover, a rifle expert from West Virginia, to line up his sights and lay 'em low. He got all four. . . .

CHICAGO'S Polar Bear Club and Boston's L Street Brownies take notice: Marine Privates Robert L. Archer of Sioux Falls, S. D., and Robert B. Johnstone of Sitka, Alaska, went for a



swim in Alaska while the mercury was so low it nearly disappeared from the tube. Their buddies watched in awe. They were wrapped in heavy Parka coats and thick woolen underwear.

"He never had much to say. He always let his rifle speak for him," declared Sgt. Thomas M. Matkins, Jr., of Corp. Hurshall Hooker, a tall fellow with a handlebar mustache "as long as your arm." Hooker, from the little town of Tomball, Tex., was a sniper-sniper. "He would deliberately stand up and draw fire from a Jap sniper. When the Jap would shoot at him, he'd snap a shot back and I don't believe I ever saw him miss. He sure was concentrated poison for them and was the best shot I have ever seen." . . . Gun-

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★ TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK ★  
★ 700 large rooms, all with ★  
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★ **\$2.50** **\$3.50** **\$4.50** ★  
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Uniforms and Equipment  
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Write for 1943 Catalogue

**THE LEATHERNECK  
BOOK SHOP  
IS ON PAGE 65**

THE LEATHERNECK



nery Sergeant Jesse Glover, of Gaston, S. C., was one man who looked after his men. He bought a cast-iron stove from another outfit and cooked chow for his men when they missed regular call. . . . Staff Sgt. Harry E. Schaub was in a plane when its crew fought off 12 Zeros and bagged six in a running fight 200 miles off Henderson Field. Bullet-riddled, the ship made a crash landing. . . .

"Mother" DeBoo, the only hostess in the Marine Corps, who mothered hundreds of Marines passing through Quantico over a period of many years, died April 8, leaving many a heavy heart. A favorite story about this remarkable woman, who was 65 when she died, was the time she was at Philadelphia with the Quantico football team. A stranger heard many Marines address her as "Mother." "Lady," he inquired, "are all these Marines your boys?" "Yes, I'm the mother of every last one of them," she replied. The stranger turned away and said, "What a remarkable woman."

**P**PRIVATE Paul E. Mitchell, 19, Murphysboro, Ill., smacked in the back with a rifle by a hiding Jap, went around for two weeks complaining—to himself—of pains. Then it was discovered his back was broken. . . . Determined to capture a sniping Jap NCO, Plt. Sgt. Joseph Vito Vismont got his man—and with it a bullet wound in the leg. The Hartford, Conn., Marine said it was worth the wound, however. . . . Sgt. Lawrence A. McCarter of Corinth, Miss., who is only 22, is now a Marine Gunner, reward for extreme bravery. . . . Plt. Sgt. Edward Neave, for 8 years welterweight boxing champion of the Asiatic fleet, lost a decision recently—to malaria. . . . Pfc. William H. Stover, Jr., Boothwyn, Pa., is a handy man to have around when the firing gets hectic. He rescued five wounded Marines during a battle. . . . Corp. Charles L. Wolff, 23, saw a smoking Jap grenade. He stamped on it with the butt of his rifle. It exploded, but no one was seriously hurt. . . .

Yeggmen may flinch at the crude method employed by Corporal L. M. Chatt, Jr., of Beloit, Wis., who cracked a safe at Tulagi with a stick of dynamite. It was filled with Jap occupational money. Chatt accounted for 40 Japs in the Solomons.

"For extraordinary heroism," Private First Class Whitney W. Jacobs, 80, of Fayville, Mass., at machine gunner, was awarded the Navy Cross. Without protection of riflemen, his squad repulsed an enemy attack on the banks of the Tenaru River, after which Jacobs went to the aid of two wounded companions. . . . "Tropical fireflies" was the name the boys at Guadalcanal gave to the Jap tracer bullets, which gleamed blue-white at night. But they hit too hard for any insect.

He received the Navy Cross for hero-



## At Your Service, Uncle!

### ... and you too, Men

So that every serviceman can enjoy delicious BABY RUTH Candy, Curtiss is working its many plants to capacity and taking on a big job, too, for Uncle Sam—producing or packaging carloads of vital foods necessary to supply both battlefield and home front.

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you to get food-energy plus taste enjoyment is to exchange a small U. S. nickel for a man's-size bar of BABY RUTH Candy, Rich in Dextrose.

Give yourself a break . . . sink your teeth into a chewy BABY RUTH bar today—and often! Let BABY RUTH obey your call for food-energy . . . it serves you well on duty and off.



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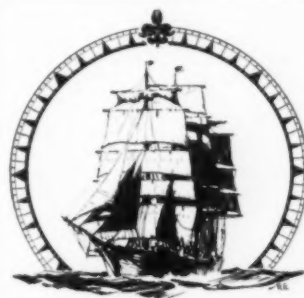
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# Sinews

## OF A NATION

### AT WAR

"THROUGH ALL OF WAR'S DISTURBANCES, THE YOUTH OF AMERICA HAVE CARRIED ON THEIR COMPETITIVE SPORTS . . . AND, BELIEVE ME, THEY'RE THE TOUGHEST COMPETITORS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN. THEY WON'T BUCKLE. THEY'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY OPENING, AND THEY'LL COME OUT AND WIN. THEY DEVELOPED COMPETITIVE INSTINCTS ON FRIENDLY FIELDS AND THEY'LL BE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS IN THE MORE IMPORTANT GAME."

—HARRY STUHLREHER  
Football Coach, Wisconsin University

★ ★ ★

Marine Sergeant Barney Ross, recently home for recuperation from disabilities incurred in the service, knocked out 22 Jap snipers while defending wounded comrades with his rifle and hand grenades on Guadalcanal. Prior to his entrance into the Army he was for 13 years an outstanding amateur and professional boxer.

★ ★ ★

Phil Ramires, former Michigan State track star, was among the Marines who did valiant service battling the Japs on Guadalcanal.

★ ★ ★

By quick thinking and disregard of his own safety, Garf Thomas, a junior naval officer and one time member of the All-American soccer squad, performed a valiant action that saved eleven men—at the cost of his own life. Many of this war's heroes are products of America's rugged competitive sports.

★ ★ ★

In defending the Guadalcanal airport against Japanese attack last year, one action in which American Marine flyers brought down 21 Jap planes was led by Lieut. Robert E. MacLeod, former Dartmouth All-American football player.

★ ★ ★

While willingly cooperating with the Government in conservation of war materials, Wilson Sporting Goods Co. urges that moderate amounts of materials be allotted to the maintenance of sports equipment for wartime physical training.

*B. J. Jolly*  
President

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., and Wilson Athletic Goods Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago, New York and other leading cities

IT'S Wilson TODAY  
IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

ism and bravery in the Solomons, but when the doctor approached his bed in the naval hospital to examine his nose, misshapen from contact with a baseball bat. Technical Sergeant Robert D. Raysbrook leaped from the sack and fled. The Philadelphia Marine vows, however, he'll go back for treatment.

Sensation of his neighborhood was



Bobbie, 15-year-old Indianapolis boy, who had a bubble dancer—minus bubble—tattooed on his arm. School was nearly disrupted when the classmates clustered around to watch the effect of muscle flexing. Complaints brought him to court and he was ordered to make another visit to a tattoo artist—to clothe the shapely lady.

Three terrors of the Panamanian jungles are the bush master, the fer-de-lance and the coral snake. All are deadly poisonous within 20 minutes after they strike. . . . While ammunition exploded, gasoline blazed and heavy smoke choked him, Sergeant Sherley R. Grubb of East Spencer, N. C., cut loose an unconscious gunner from a plane that crashed on Guadalcanal. Shortly after the rescue, one of the plane's depth charges exploded.

Consensus of the censors who read the mail leaving Marine outposts: most important question—"How's everything at home?" Next—"Do you still love me?" . . . And there's the lad who wrote, "I spent last night where the bombs were the thickest." He was doing guard duty at the ammunition dump.

Private First Class Edward W. Slavinsky, Jr., of Newark, N. J., was all set for a swim at Guadalcanal when he noticed six Japs in a nearby clearing. He crept through the brush and effected their capture. The Marine minimized his feat by declaring they were laborers and were glad they had been captured.

The Japs were determined to send 18 newly-landed tanks across the Matanikau River at a sand bar. The Marines had the range on the bar to perfection.

The first tank was wrecked. So was the second. Private First Class Eugene S. Smith, 21, of Syracuse, Ind., said they sent all 18 across in an effort to cross or die. They didn't cross. . . . Jap bombers over Guadalcanal in 1942 were better than those over Shanghai in 1937, but they were still "punk," said Platoon Sergeant Wallace L. Simmons. He served in China and has been a Marine eight years.

A one-man life-saving crew is Private John T. Johnson, 37-year-old former Cambridge, Mass., police officer, now a "boat" at Parris Island and credited with saving the lives of nine persons from drowning in that many years. . . . Join the Marines and see the world. Corporal Simon W. Vevurka of East Chicago, who was at Midway and participated in the Raiders' attack of Makin Island, has chalked up 40,000 miles in eight months of roaming the Pacific. . . . When Private First Class Byron L. Hendry of Hooker, S. D., learns Japanese, he's know the name of the Nip whose raincoat he has. He killed the monkey-man at Guadalcanal and has the black raincoat as a souvenir. The victim's name is written inside.

Some sort of a record high was achieved by Private Gene Smars of Milwaukee, Wis., whose temperature soared to 108.2 degrees when stricken with malaria at Guadalcanal. He killed his first Jap on Nov. 11, his birthday. . . . It's an ill wind that blows no good.

WITH most of the messmen ill from malaria, a Major and two Lieutenants pitched in to peel spuds all day at Guadalcanal, so the boys could have



their French fried for evening chow. . . . Speaking of chow, the boys in the Solomons with Marine Gunner Andrew K. Dutch of Trenton, N. J., got their steaks from two herds of steer, which were abandoned by evacuees.

THE END

THE LEATHERNECK

## CARRY ON!

(Continued from page 13)

servicemen would cooperate to keep mail coming from home at mail call.

PVT. JACK E. MILLER, USMC,  
Service Co., 1st M.A.C.,  
% Fleet Postoffice.

(We're right with you Miller.—Eds.)

## LEATHERNECK TO TOKYO

SIRS:

Enclosed please find money order for one year's subscription to THE LEATHERNECK. I would like to have the magazine sent to: PISgt. Lamar A. Bryan, Prisoner of War, Philippine Islands, % Japanese Red Cross, Tokyo, Japan.

I don't know if the Japanese will permit THE LEATHERNECK in their territory or if you will be able to send it to him, but hope it is possible.

This man was and is a very good Marine having almost four hashmarks to his credit. He enlisted in 1927. He was captured on Bataan after having been evacuated from Shanghai, China, where he had served most of his time.

WILLIAM A. WARREN.

(There are over 200,000 Marines going to be trying to deliver Sergeant Bryan's next year's subscription to him personally.—Eds.)

## LOST SEA BAG

SIRS:

I realize this is an unusual request but I lost my sea bag at Camp LeJeune before being transferred overseas and am willing to put up a reward of \$50 for the man that locates it for me.

I lost the seabag while being transferred from the 1st Airdrome Bn. to the 13th Replacement Bn. at Camp LeJeune about February 15. It is of no value to anyone except myself but I would particularly like to get back the pictures of my wife. My name is stenciled on it.

I don't expect the finder to send the seabag to me, but I would like to know where it is.

ACK. RAYMOND D. MUDD  
13th Repl. Bn.  
% Fleet Postoffice  
San Francisco, Calif.

## WHO DOESN'T?

SIRS:

Thanks for putting out a real magazine. After I read it I mail it to my son who is an Aviation Cadet in the Army. He informs me that the boys there wear the magazine out reading it!

Am inclosing a clipping from our local paper:

"A friend of one of our citizens wrote the mother of a young Marine from Tomahawk, temporarily stationed at the Navy pier in Chicago, that she called the young Marine by telephone recently while visiting

"LOOK, CHIEF. MY PEN QUIT ON ME—JUST LIKE THAT! MAYBE IF YOU TALKED TO IT..."



"LISTEN, SAILOR. A PEN IS NO MARLIN SPIKE, YA GOTTA PROTECT IT. I TOLD YOU TO USE PARKER QUINK CONTAINING SOLV-X. IT SAVES THE RUBBER AND METAL PARTS."

# Pens that fail now may never be replaced or repaired!

FOUNTAIN PEN production curtailed by Government order...repair parts running low!

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Parker Quink is the only writing fluid containing solv-x. It eliminates most pen failures by removing the causes.

Fill your pen with brilliant, smooth, quick-drying Parker Quink today. The solv-x in it flushes away gum and sediment left by inferior inks.

It safeguards metal and rubber parts—prevents the corrosion and deterioration

which come from highly acid inks.

Ask for Quink at ships' stores. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

FOR V... — MAIL "Micro-film Black"

New Parker Quink in "Micro-film Black"

photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 8 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. 15¢, 25¢ and up.



# PARKER Quink

THE ONLY INK CONTAINING PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X



in the big city and somewhat the following conversation ensued: 'Party, I want a Marine.' Answer from the switchboard operator, 'tee, hee, so do I—who doesn't?'"

NILE W. SEARL

Veterans of Belleau Woods  
Tomahawk, Wis.

## WRONG GUN

Sms:

... the one question in your May quiz stopped me because your answer is, I hope, wrong. The picture to me is a .50 cal. M.G. water cooled w/ A.A. mount and ready box or chest of the M-1921 vintage type, which were used aboard ship in the early days. Attached to the back rest is the Bowden connection or hand trigger. The mount is also an old type mount which is stationary and mostly used on board ships.

The new .50 cal. M.G. A.A. water-cooled gun does not have the muzzle of the barrel protruding out of the water jacket, only the M-1921 type has this and had a tapered barrel.

MMSGT.D. PESCHL

Candidates' Class Armory

MCS, MB, Quantico, Va.

(Our face is red. It is a .50 cal. gun.  
—Eds.)

## RECORD FAMILY

Sms:

I am just a mother of a Marine, but what a proud Mother to think that my boy could join the best service in the United States of America. I know what they stand for because I have had a relative in the U.S.M.C. in every war of the U.S.A. since November 10, 1775 and that is quite a record for my son to live up to.

Please tell Leathernecks wherever they are stationed to be sure and write to their parents.

A MARINE MOTHER.

Cincinnati, Ohio

THE END



MARINE CORPORAL Edwin Milton Black, recently returned from Guadalcanal, has a chat with baseball's Connie Mack on his favorite sport and war.



**IF YOU LOSE YOUR TUBE  
DO NOT REPENT  
THIS BIG GLASS JAR  
SAVES TEN PER CENT**



**Burma-Shave**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NO BRUSH - NO LATHER

**SMOKING LESS—  
SMOKING MORE?**

*You're SAFER smoking*  
**PHILIP MORRIS**

\* Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak

**—Scientifically proved less irritating to the nose and throat**

In the Service and out—we're smoking more than ever before in history... So it's *wise* to know what eminent doctors reported in medical journals, after tests with *real* smokers:

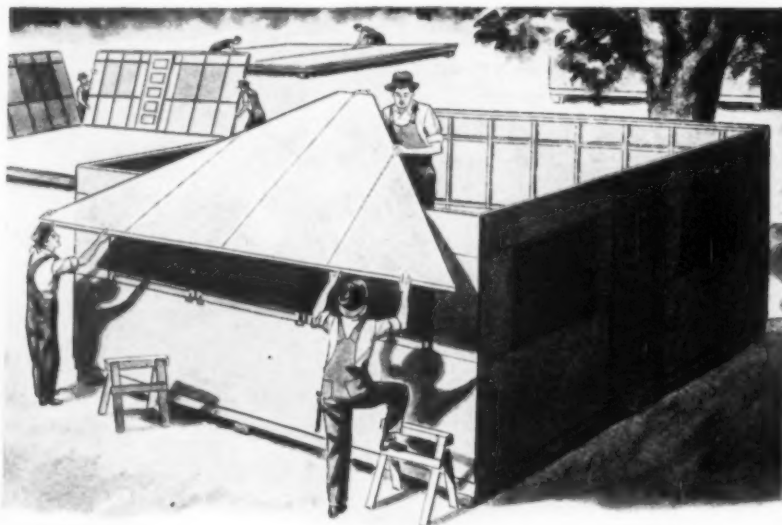
**WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS,  
EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF THE NOSE  
OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED  
UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!**

**NOTE**—we claim no curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this real evidence *proves* they are *less irritating* to nose and throat, *safer* for you! And your own good taste will prove they're better flavored! Choose wisely—



**CALL FOR  
PHILIP MORRIS**  
**AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE!**

## Just six man-hours time TO HOUSE SIX SOLDIERS WELL!



The Victory Hut literally leaps into being to house soldiers, sailors, marines and Coast Guardsmen... Construction time with an experienced crew is only six man-hours with important savings to government as a result.

The Victory Hut is not an accident. It is the direct result of efforts of the armed forces to obtain fully *pre-fabricated, demountable, portable housing*, to give maximum satisfaction in camp and under actual field conditions, at minimum cost to government. Records show saving of \$30 to \$50 per man housed.

*Air-Space insulated* as a protection against both extreme heat and cold, solidly constructed and as scientifically designed as a weapon, the Victory Hut is paying big returns today in high troop morale, plus valuable days and dollars saved.

If your duties involve housing of personnel, ask us for a complete descriptive booklet giving details of Victory Huts and the actual conditions under which they have been erected. See for yourself the time—and money-saving features of these huts; consider their application to your problem! A letter or wire will bring you "Victory Huts and Homes."



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*Dallas, Texas*

MAKERS OF "VICTORY" HUTS AND "VICTORY" HOMES

TRADE MARK

TRADE MARK

## BRIEF BLURBS

(Continued from page 32)

Jim Jeffries, far past his prime, came out of retirement to take a beating from Jack Johnson. But did you ever hear of the story about Big Jim and Johnson when the California Boilermaker was still on top, and Johnson was clamoring for a match? Jim met Lil' Arthur in a San Francisco barroom one day and offered to go down into the cellar with him and fight it out with bare fists. They would go alone, lock the door and the winner would get the key. Johnson didn't accept the proposition.



PVT. MURPHY OF THE IRISH

The Fightin' Irish of Notre Dame contributed its 1942 football captain to the Fightin' Marines. He is stocky George Murphy, who left the Irish line to take his turn in another—the firing line. Murphy enlisted as a private and was sent to Parris Island for boot training.

Herbert Simons' Baseball Digest repeats a good Dizzy Dean story. Diz dropped into a Broadway nightclub one night when he should, according to Manager Frankie Frisch's orders, have been in bed. The master of ceremonies spotted Jerome Herman and, as the band blared a welcome, he had Diz stand and take a sweeping bow. In the middle of the bow Diz looked over and saw Frisch at another table. The Great One had a brainstorm, and it worked. As the music died down, he announced: "And Ladies and Gents, I want you to meet one of the greatest manager in baseball history, one of the greatest managers of all time, and one of the greatest guys I ever knew — Frankie Frisch." Curfew-violating Diz and Frankie left the nightclub arm in arm, hours later.

THE END

THE LEATHERNECK



## Commandant Defines Marine

GATHERED in New York were representatives of the 240 Boys' Clubs of America, meeting for a wartime conference, and present to tell them about the war and the United States Marines was a man well qualified for the job. He was Lieutenant General Thomas Holcomb, commandant of the Corps.

The commandant, introduced by former President Herbert Hoover, prefaced his words with a few in a lighter vein aimed at one Sergeant Hargrove, who used to be an army private and made a lot of money writing about it.

"Marion Hargrove," began the commandant, a twinkle in his eyes, "who wrote 'See Here, Private Hargrove,' is a sergeant now. Having reached this new importance, he decided to write something about the Marines.

"The United States Marine, says Hargrove, is a military phenomenon who looks like a soldier, talks like a sailor, fights like a wildcat and thinks like a princess of the blood royal.

"The United States Marine, as any United States Marine will tell you, with or without provocation, is the best looking, toughest, most polished and most valuable member of the armed force. He does not overlook the value of the army, the navy or the coast guard. He knows that they were organized and maintained to show, by contrast, the greatness, the wisdom, the courage and the beauty of the United States Marine."

General Holcomb paused, smiled and added: "That's what Sergeant Hargrove believes we think about ourselves. Actually, he's wrong. We're really much better than that!

"Seriously," he continued, "the Marines have—and must have—confidence in themselves. And confidence is greatly different from braggadocio. Confidence doesn't come from the outside. It comes from inside. It comes from character and discipline, from training and skill. It is the feeling of one who rejoices 'as a strong man to run a race.' Perhaps you see now where the boys' clubs come in.

"Remember, experience has shown that it isn't the swaggering bully that makes the great fighter. It's the man with character, discipline and training. Take marksmanship for instance. One of the reasons the Marines were successful at Guadalcanal was their skill with the rifle. They were better than their enemies. The Jap is a clever and strong soldier. Never underestimate him. But he is still not a great marksman. A Marine is—and that made a difference. If a Marine can't shoot a rifle so that he's proud of his mark-

manship, he works at it until he is good. And as a Marine gets to be a better and better shot he gets confidence in himself. Confidence from the inside. Confidence that makes him ready to meet the enemy, and if necessary, to close with him."

"There is an old Chinese proverb that goes: 'Pien hsia chih shih fei chiao wu ch'eng.' It means: 'Nothing in the world can be accomplished without instruction.' The Marines agree."

General Holcomb read the names of some American soldiers, sailors and Marines—all heroes in combat and all ex-members of the Boys Clubs.

"Johnny Rivers, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. At the Tenaru River, Solomon Islands, his machine gun brought down 200 Japanese as he himself gave his life for his country.

"Corporal Barney Ross, born in Chicago, sick and wounded, he fought on and came back at Guadalcanal.

"Harold Parks, Bridgeport, Order of the Purple Heart; Lieutenant Colonel Pickard, Philadelphia, Distinguished Service Cross; Major Nyles Dederer, the Navy Cross; Bruno Guido, Ed Kenny, Harry Galuska, all cited for heroism.

"These are all men who, as boys, were members of the Boys Club of America. And they are only a few of the 75,000 former boys club members in our armed forces today.

"I understand there are a quarter million boys in your 240 boys clubs now. Their gymnasiums and swimming pools are developing healthy, coordinated young men. Medical examinations have discovered defects that can be corrected. Rejections of boys club members for military service have been extreme-



"WHEN IS Frank Buck coming to rescue us?"



For the utmost in  
SMART LOOKS  
LONG WEAR  
and COMFORT

**SIMPSON'S**  
**TWILL-TEX**  
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# EVERY MARINE KNOWS!



YES, every Marine knows that to learn while he trains as a Marine "pays off" in the service and when he gets back to civilian life.

For, with specialized training, he is better prepared for quick promotion in the Corps and also for an after-the-war job that will bring more comforts of life to himself and to those he loves.

All this can be accomplished by enrolling with the Marine Corps Institute *now*—for an academic or vocational course.

All necessary textbooks—together with instruction service—are furnished by the Marine Corps Institute, without charge. And you may keep up your spare-time studies wherever you are stationed.

For full information, write to:

**U. S. MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE**  
Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.



Here are a few of the courses you may study

Aviation Mechanics	2nd Lt. Preparatory
General Radio	Good English
Radio Operating	Machine Shop
Short Mechanical	Reading Shop
Drawing	Blueprints
Civil Engineering	Gas and Electric
Surveying and Mapping	Welding
Refrigeration	Diesel Engines
Bookkeeping and	Internal Combustion
Business Forms	Engines
Stenographic —	Automobile Technician
Secretarial	Special Automobile
Post Exchange	Engines
Bookkeeping	High School Subjects

NOTE: Since the Marine Corps Institute was first founded, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., have had the privilege of supplying the Institute and Marines with certain lesson texts and services. It is to the Institute and the Marine Corps that I. C. S. dedicates the above message.

**TOPS FOR YOUR HAIR**  
**LOOK WELL GROOMED WITH**  
**MOROLINE HAIR TONIC**  
... LARGE BOTTLE 25c ...

**COME CLEAN**  
**FOR INSPECTION—USE**  
**MUFTI** For removing many  
spots from uniforms, hats, caps, ties.  
**DRY CLEANER**

ly low. In one case it was only five-sevenths of one per cent . . . less than one man in a hundred and the boys in the clubs now are able and anxious to do as much for the war as their age allows.

"Their victory volunteers are doing excellent work. Their pre-service training program for boys from 14 to 18 is of definite value to our armed forces. I am glad it includes sports, calisthenics, life-saving and first aid, and that it doesn't overlook mechanical and technical skills . . . instruction in radio, electricity, motor mechanics and pre-flight education.

"Today and for a good many tomorrow their country will need these boys and their skill. But after that, the boys club boy of today, the Marine of tomorrow, will become the leader of the future . . . in industry, in the professions, in Government. One of them, I hope, will some day take the place I occupy, others of them, yours.

"Rivers, Ross, Pickard, Lederer, Guido, Kenny, Galuska. And thousands like them. They had discipline, training, character. We salute them, and through them, the Boys Clubs of America."

THE END



**THRICE COMMISSIONED** in the Marine Corps is record of Lieutenant Edmund F. Overend (pictured above). (1) He earned commission at Quantico candidates class in 1940, resigned to become Navy flying cadet; (2) on winning naval wings, he transferred to Marine Corps, but resigned in 1941 to become "Flying Tiger" in China; (3) when Tigers broke up, he accepted third commission with Marine Corps in 1943. He's now at M.A.B., Kearney Mesa, Cal.

## MARINES—Just the present to send home

### THE MARINE CORPS PLAQUE

THIS plaque is 6½" x 7¼" in size, made of inch thick walnut, highly polished. Metal Marine Corps insignia plate is enameled in striking colors. Just the thing for the Homefolks to hang up at home as a memento of your service.



ice. This plaque may be mailed to you, or to your Homefolks direct. Be careful to give exact wording you desire on the plaque, when ordering.

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Fine jewelry of this kind is hard to find these days—and these necklaces are available in limited quantity. Place your order now.

Price \$2.50, plus 25 cents Federal tax. Total—\$2.75.

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THE LEATHERNECK

# MARINE CORPS CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties included in lists of dead and missing released between April 1 and May 1, 1943:

## DEAD

CALIFORNIA  
NAWMAN, Melvin R., 2nd Lt.  
ILLINOIS  
FOULK, John H., 1st Lt.  
HOFRICHTER, John J., Pvt.  
SHOBBROOK, Thomas H., Capt.  
IOWA  
PATTERSON, James G., Pva.  
WAGNER, Egbert V., 1st Lt.  
KANSAS  
ALLEN, David K., 1st Lt.  
LOUISIANA  
JOHNSON, George W., 2nd Lt.  
MASSACHUSETTS  
MURPHY, Paul R., Sgt.  
MICHIGAN  
ROCK, John C., Pvt.  
WHITEFIELD, Robert M., Jr., Pfc.  
MINNESOTA  
KUCH, John L., Pfc.  
WEBER, John A., 1st Lt.  
NEW YORK  
O'SULLIVAN, James A., Jr., Lt.  
QUIGLEY, John J., PSgt.  
SHERWOOD, Nial, Jr., 2nd Lt.  
OHIO  
CORRELL, John B., 2nd Lt.  
WINGFIELD, Andrew J., FMIC  
PENNSYLVANIA  
HARPER, Edwin R., Capt.  
LOCKEY, Joseph S., 2nd Lt.  
MARCH, Ashton, Cpl.  
REINBURG, Jeremiah J., 2nd Lt.  
SAILER, Joseph, Jr., Maj.  
VIRGINIA  
BRITT, Wade H., Jr., Maj.  
TRUEHEART, Taylor S., 1st Lt.

## MISSING

CALIFORNIA  
BARRETT, Robert E., Pfc.  
NUZUM, Gordon B., 1st Lt.  
ILLINOIS  
COFFEEN, William L., SSgt.  
HOSS, Matt V., Pfc.  
IOWA  
WINKEL, Lawrence F., Pvt.  
MICHIGAN  
KUIPERS, John J., Sgt.  
MISSOURI  
GANNON, Orville H. C., Jr., Pfc.  
NEW HAMPSHIRE  
BLODGETT, Douglas N., Pfc.  
NEW YORK  
BAUM, Robert A., Pfc.  
MORSE, Warner L., 1st Lt.  
OHIO  
MANTHEY, Arthur G., Capt.  
MILLER, Gordon, St Sgt.  
PENNSYLVANIA  
MOYER, Paul J., Sgt.  
SOUTH DAKOTA  
HOFFDITZ, Harley L., Cpl.  
TEXAS  
ZIMMICH, Julius F., St Sgt.

## CORRECTIONS

THE LEATHERNECK'S casualty list is taken from official lists compiled and released by the Casualty Section, U. S. Navy. We will be glad to check names believed incorrectly listed and publish such corrections. Errors may occur from time to time in the transmission and compilation of the casualty rolls.

From previously published lists the following corrections have been made:

Pfc. Robert H. Erdley, Pennsylvania, dead. (Omitted from previous list.)  
Pvt. Charles B. Adams, California, missing. (Omitted from previous list.)  
Pfc. Jack S. Wood, Wyoming, dead. (Incorrectly listed from Wisconsin.)  
Capt. Bruce Prosser, Oregon, safe. (Incorrectly listed missing.)  
Pvt. Daniel F. Mahoney, Massachusetts, safe. (Incorrectly listed dead.)

THE END

# Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



How "Mop-Head" the rookie won the fairest rose in IRELAND!

LOVE at first sight! She looked at my hair like it was something you don't mention in polite society. Why, all over the place!

AT ALL POST EXCHANGES

TIP from a tough sarge! 'You've got Dry Scalp, loose dandruff! Don't be an (Un)printable! Use Vaseline Hair Tonic!

I'm saving 'em for Molly! Now my hair is handsome, and Molly is wearin' a lock!

5 DROPS A DAY KEEPS DRY SCALP AWAY... GIVES YOU HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR

HERE'S HOW: When you comb your hair, put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it on your scalp. It checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff by supplementing natural scalp oils. When you wash your hair, massage it with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—and rub a little on your scalp afterwards. Result: good-looking hair, and a comfortable scalp, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, because it contains no drying ingredients!





## CHAPPY SAYS:



**Hmmm!** She sure is a mighty cute trick—that little blonde nurse who looks after Chappy! And she knows her stuff, too. When his lips were cracked and sore from fever, she whisked out a handy little medicated Chap Stick and . . .

**Presto!** His lips were smooth and comfortable again in no time!

Remember—wind and sun make lips dry and cracked too. And that's when a fella needs Chap Stick. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting—helps heal rough, cracked skin.

**Get Fleet's Chap Stick** in the handy he-man container today at your Ship's Service Store, P. X., or any drug store. Look for the name *Fleet's* to get the one and only Chap Stick.



Trade Mark Reg.  
U.S. Pat. Off.

On duty with U. S. Forces from  
Alaska (40° below) to Africa (140° above)

### "SAVINGS"

A Savings Account is the Foundation of  
**SECURITY**

Whether you stay in the service or return to civil life a need for ready cash is inevitable. Open an account so that when the need arises you will know what it means to—

"Have money in the bank."

**THE  
First National Bank**

of Quantico, Va.

Member of  
Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

## Joe Foss No. 1 Ace

(Continued from page 21)

Carrier Training Group at North Island to become a fighter pilot.

**L**IFE'S tempo gradually speeded up. In August Lieutenant Foss joined a fighter group and a few days later he and his college sweetheart were married. That was on August 9 and on September 1, the two bars of a captain on his shoulders, Joe went aboard a transport with his outfit.

Blood, sweat, mud, and tears awaited Captain Foss, and so did fame. Joe asked for everything except the fame.

Captain Foss and his outfit brought the wheels of their Wildcats down on Henderson Field early in October. It didn't take long to appreciate what they were in for. A runway that easily became a quagmire in the South Pacific rains; mosquitoes, oppressive heat. The men slept in tents when they weren't forced into foxholes. There were tropical insects in the air and Japanese pests sniping from the trees. And there were raids by air and nightly bombardments by Nip warships off the Guadalcanal coast.

Captain Foss got the first plane of his amazing string of 26 four days after reaching Henderson Field. "One made a pass at me and I blew him to hell," he reported laconically. His plane was disabled by two cannon shots and he was forced to dive from 22,000 feet for a dead stick landing. Joe Foss had been baptized. The next day he flew out and bagged his second victim.

The young captain had only begun. He started proving what his training superiors had told his bride. "He can outshoot and outfight his instructors," they said. On October 18 Foss outshot and outfought three more Jap pilots, two days later two more were blasted out of the sky and on October 23 Joe Foss sent four Nips crashing to de-

struction.

Came Sunday, October 25. Foss and his "boys" dragged wearily out of their foxholes and went into the air when the Zeros came into range. Foss and three others took on six. Foss got two, one of his men got another, and they came in to refuel. Back up they went, the same four, only now they tangled with nine Zeros. Foss got three. More Zeros came into the fight, with bombers trailing behind. One of Foss' planes had been so riddled he had to take it down and get another. One of his men ran out of ammunition but it didn't phase him. He rammed a Zero head-on and parachuted to the earth.

When the score was counted later that day the squadron had bagged 17 Zeros and five bombers.

There was a comparative lull in air fighting until November 7. Then, as the popular phrase goes, all hell broke loose again. Foss added three more Japs to his toll—and got his plane so full of lead he had to bring it down on the shark-infested ocean. He managed to clear himself of the ship and swim to an island inhabited, luckily, by friendly natives. He was sick from swallowing salt water, and he was dog tired, but soon he recuperated and a rescue plane later picked him up. He said later, "I prayed more that night than I ever had before."

But back again with his "boys." Captain Foss discovered he was to be decorated. Admiral William W. Halsey arrived and pinned the Distinguished Flying Cross on Joe. Joe was wearing dirty, sweat-stained dungarees.

On November 23 Foss got No. 23 Jap, but a mosquito brought him down the next day with malaria. He was sent to Australia for a rest. The Australians feted him as a conquering hero. But Joe Foss wanted to go back to his men. So back he went, and once more again the magic of his flying and direction began to tell. On January 1, when America rested, attended post-season football games and perhaps wondered about the boys on Guadalcanal, Captain

**To the Service that's Tops  
in Achievement**

# VALLEY FORGE BEER

**The Beer that's Tops  
in Taste**

**ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.  
NORRISTOWN, PA. Since 1854  
Brewers of Rams Head Ale**



Foss came back—to sleep again in the mud of a foxhole with his “boys.”

On January 6 Foss’ flight brought down six Zeros, raising its score to 63, and ten days later Captain Foss got his last three Japs in the Guadalcanal campaign. Twenty-six planes. It tied the count set by Eddie Rickenbacker in World War I.

But that isn’t all to the flying feats of Captain Joe Foss. There was a greater day to come; one that brought him no additional Japs, but gave a striking picture of this honest, duty-plugged man from the South Dakota farm land.

The date was late in January. The situation was critical for the Americans in the Solomons. Brave Marines on the ground were writing a bloody page in the annals of the Corps—and the Japs launched an air attack designed to wipe out strategic, vital Henderson Field.

Forty Japanese fighter planes appeared in the distance. Behind, at a safe distance, waiting for the chance to move in and drop their earth-demolishing packages, were 30 or 40 bombers. To meet them were eight Marine Grumman Wildcats, led by Captain Joe Foss, and four Army twin-tailed P-38’s. Twelve American pilots against 70 or 80 Jap war planes.

The spectacular drama in the skies was, for the most part, concealed in the clouds from the watchers below. A steady hum of angry motors, an occasional blast rumbling through the heavens, once in a while a peep of a Wildcat diving through space, that was about all. An hour and a half passed. Agonizing hours they were. Then the all-clear sounded, and back came the flight. One by one. The count continued. Watchers couldn’t believe their eyes. Twelve planes—eight Wildcats—four P-38’s—swooped in low and bumped to a halt on Henderson Field.

The Japanese aerial armada had been forced to turn tail and head for its base 400 miles away. Not a single bomb had been dropped. Not a single American plane had been touched. Four of the fighter ships of the enemy didn’t go back. To Captain Joe Foss went all the credit. His generalship, his brilliance in aerial maneuver, had whipped the Jap threat.

It was Joe Foss’ goodbye to Guadalcanal. It was a fitting farewell. But why didn’t Joe Foss improve his score? Why didn’t he get at least one Nip and go ahead of the Rickenbacker record? The Japs were there. They tried to lure him into a dogfight.

“My job,” Joe Foss explained simply, “was to keep the bombers away, not to build up a personal score.”

That was Joe Foss’ way of doing things.

THE END

JUNE, 1943



“—but mother—all he does is sit there and smoke his Sir Walter Raleigh!”

YOU CAN’T SATISFY a pipe smoker till he’s found a tobacco that *tastes* good and *smells* good. That’s why so many men in the armed services choose Sir Walter Raleigh, the quality pipe tobacco of America. It burns cool—and has a fragrant aroma.

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH**

PIPE TOBACCO

*Smokes as sweet as it smells*



**FEET HURT?**



For quick relief from hot, tender, tired, sensitive feet, caused by exertion or fatigue, use Dr. Scholl’s Foot Balm. Soothing, refreshing. Helps put you right back on your feet.



ZIPPO FLINTS are extra hard — extra long lasting. They fit most any lighter. Each flint will give you a quick, sure-light spark every time. ZIPPO FLINTS can be purchased at any canteen, post exchange or ships stores—be sure you get the original ZIPPO flints—they cost no more and serve you well. 4 for 10c. ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. L, Bradford, Pa.



SORRY BOYS: We regret that we have to turn down your orders for your favorite lighter for delivery to the training camp, or to your dad or best girl.

★ ZIPPO WINDPROOF LIGHTERS are for sale at overseas exchanges and certain designated ports of embarkation and ships service stores.

## The Fading Yankees

(Continued from page 32)

beamed Weatherly, who should prove a real asset. But there was only one DiMag.

The Weatherly case recalls many other instances in Yankee history when an important player had to be replaced. Stepping into a hero's shoes is quite a job, mental as well as physical. Gordon faced it and conquered it when he replaced Tony Lazzeri. George Selkirk knew it when he took over the No. 3 spot which had starred the Mighty Babe Ruth. Lou Gehrig's first base job has never been adequately filled.

Bill Dickey is the experienced catcher, but Dickey admittedly is not growing younger and is not the Dickey he used to be.

Remember Murderers' Row of a one-time Yankee team? Bob Meusel, Ruth and Gehrig? Now they have Weatherly, Keller and Gordon. That's a drop like an elevator in the Empire State.

Just to go back one year, compare the 1942 infield of Hassett, Rizzuto, Red Rolfe and Gordon with the 1943 foursome of Gordon, Nick Ettem, George Stirnweiss and Bill Johnson. Frankie Crosetti will see action after his suspension (for pushing an umpire in the World Series) ends, and there is a chance that Rolfe will don a Yankee

uniform in the summer. He's the baseball coach at Yale University, a job he took upon "retiring" last year.

No wonder Massa Joe McCarthy smiled a little grimly when the experts, by an overwhelming margin, picked the Yankees to go into the World Series this year. Against the Cardinals, too, in case you hadn't heard the results of the annual poll.

Still, harking back to 1932, when McCarthy steered the club to his first pennant, the Irishman had his worries. He had Ruffing and Gomez leading the pitchers, Ruth hitting .341 and 41 homers, and the Yankees ended the Athletics' three-year reign and rolled to the pennant with 107 victories. But at the start of the season McCarthy had not even settled upon a regular lineup, mostly in the infield, and what was more of a problem, he had to combat something else. The something else was a feeling on the club against him. One faction clung to the belief that Ruth should have been given the managership after little Miller Huggins died. The belief persisted through the brief regime of Bob Shawkey and intensified when Colonel Jacob Ruppert again sidestepped the Babe and signed McCarthy.

All in all, McCarthy has had no bed of roses during his years with the Yankees. But a bed of roses by any other name would smell sweeter than what he is up against this year.

THE END



# COOKIE JAR

and Tobin's

IRISH AMERICAN MIXTURE

For the best smoke yet, try these aromatic pipe mixtures... a pipeful of pleasure anywhere—anytime!

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And 4 it should be, brother—for Swan's 4 swell soaps in 1! Here's why:

1. **Swan's for bath!** Swan gives a guy oceans of heavy, he-man suds. Even in hard water, Swan suds like sixty!
2. **Swan's for face and hands!** And it's thrifter, too! Why, ounce for ounce, that large-size white bar gives you as much as 5¢ worth more real soap for your money than leading toilet soaps tested.
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4. **Swan's for shaving!** Those clean-smelling Swan suds are so thick and creamy and mild that lots of guys use Swan for shaving!

This is straight, brother: if you don't know Swan, you're missing something special! Try it!

Two convenient sizes—Large and Regular

# SWAN

FLOATING SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE LEATHERNECK



## Two-Ocean Marine

ROBERT HARMON, a husky young gunnery sergeant in the Marine Aviation Detachment at Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla., has served in almost every theater of war over the globe.

Harmon is eligible for the Order of the Purple Heart and, according to the scuttlebutt, has been recommended for a much higher award. You might think, from this, that Harmon's blouse would be aflame with campaign ribbons. But, usually, he wears only the defense ribbon with a star.

For about a year before the entrance of the United States into the war, Harmon served on a warship in Atlantic convoy duty. He was a platoon sergeant and a gun captain on the heavy cruiser, *Vincennes*, when the Marines invaded Guadalcanal in August of '42. The *Vincennes* was one of the four United Nations cruisers which was surprised and sunk by Jap forces off the island of Savo near Guadalcanal on the night of August 9.



Gy. Sgt. Robert Harmon

The first Jap barrage hit the *Vincennes* at 12:30 o'clock that night. Sergeant Harmon was hit on the head by shrapnel and knocked to the deck. When he arose, dazedly, he found that he had only five men left of his crew of 16.

Nevertheless, the depleted crew got off a few shots before the Japs scored another hit on the *Vincennes*. This time, Harmon was hit by shrapnel in both the head and the knee. He believes he was unconscious for about five minutes.

Harmon and an ensign manned the gun again, and managed to get off one shot. Then the Japs scored a direct hit on the gun. Harmon was kayoed again, and he must have taken a "long count" this time. When he regained consciousness the firing was over and the



"WHY I CAN DEPEND ON MY LIGHTER!"

"I use only the very finest lighter accessories—RONSON® REDSKIN® 'Flints',

RONSONOL® Lighter Fuel and RONSON high-absorption Wicks. Which means, pal, that when I feel like a smoke, I'm darned sure I've got what it takes to light up, and to keep lighting up."

Genuine RONSON Accessories are tops with Leathernecks. Ask for 'em at your P.X. If you're going to be away from a source of supply, you'll especially like the handy vial quantity-packaging of RONSON® REDSKIN® 'Flints'.

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LIGHTER ACCESSORIES  
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RONSON "FIVE FLINTER"®  
Contains five extra-length, genuine RONSON® REDSKIN® 'Flints' in convenient carrying package to prevent loss.



RONSONOL LIGHTER FUEL  
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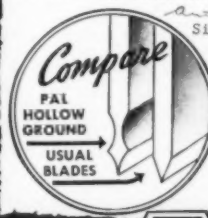
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Getting Your Leatherneck?  
See "Change of Address"  
Form on page 72

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ship was sinking and heaving over on its side.

For about 15 minutes, a Marine lieutenant, a first sergeant and Platoon Sergeant Harmon were very busy bandaging the wounded and lowering them over the sides to life rafts. Then the trio got life jackets and dived over the sides, too.

In the water, Harmon paddled around for a minute and became separated from the others in the darkness. He was bleeding from the shrapnel wounds and becoming pretty weak. Along with a Navy chief petty officer, he crawled aboard the floating wreckage of a Jap bomber. Harmon and the chief stayed on the bomber for about an hour. Then a life raft, filled with wounded U. S. sailors, drifted by. The sergeant and the chief dived off the wrecked bomber and hung on to the back of the life raft.

Hours later, at about 8:30 o'clock in the morning, a destroyer picked them up. From the destroyer they were transferred to a hospital ship. Sergeant Harmon was a very sick lad by this time. He spent two months recuperating at hospitals in New Caledonia, Hawaii and Oakland, Calif.

For the last few months he has been acting first sergeant for a squadron at the Marine Aviation Detachment in Jacksonville. Being a native Floridian, he likes his new duty. But he wants to go back to the Pacific war theater as soon as he has recovered completely from that rough night off Savo last August.

THE END

## Too Perfect

(Continued from page 27)

the tongue of Martin. Something had gone wrong. No, nothing could have gone wrong.

"Take him away," ordered the Sergeant, and Martin was yanked off his feet.

"Are you sure, sir?" queried the Sergeant.

"Just as sure as we'll win this war," answered the officer. "This chap had a

very interesting filling in a molar tooth. You see, it wasn't gold, it wasn't silver, but a filling that is called velonium in Germany. They've been using it as ersatz for the past year. Naturally, I knew he had been over there within 12 months and we've been at war longer than that. Only place he could have gotten that filling," he concluded, now half-way through the door to the dental examination room, "was to have been there, right?"

"Right, sir," replied the Sergeant as the door slammed.

THE END



SUMMER DRESS and work uniforms are worn here by First Lieutenant Kathleen Hogan (left) and Sergeant Donna Case of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve. Dress uniform worn by Lieut. Hogan is made of white cotton gabardine with brass buttons; work uniform is of green and white striped seersucker with bone buttons.

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• ANALGESIC  
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## The Water Buffaloes

(Continued from page 17)

Corps. This machine was taken to the West Indies on Marine maneuvers and it was successful enough, apparently, to warrant the purchase of a considerable number of the tractors.

So Roebeling arranged for steel tractors to be built under sub-contract by the Dunedin plant of a firm known as Food Machinery Corporation. Tractors here were first built at a rate of one or two a day.

In February, 1941 Lieutenant Colonel George W. McHenry of the Marine Corps was ordered to Florida as resident inspector at the Dunedin plant. In Washington plans were made for training Marines in the operation and maintenance of the tractors. It was decided to set up a school at Dunedin. An Amphibian Tractor Detachment, with Lieutenant Colonel William W. Davies in command, had been organized at the Training Center at Quantico. And, in May, 1941, the detachment was moved by truck convoy to Dunedin.

The detachment started off with four officers and 36 enlisted men. An hotel at Dunedin was leased as a barracks and a tract of land, known as Dunedin Airport, two miles from the town, was leased as an operating field. Only building on the tract was a large corrugated iron shed, formerly used as an airplane hangar.

Materials were slow in arriving for the tractor assembly line at Dunedin. So these Marines who were the pioneer amphibian tractor men spent hours at the plant, watching construction methods, asking questions, studying and waiting for enough tractors to be built so they could start work in the school. At the hotel, there were the regular garrison duties.



DONALD ROEBELING

In the meantime, a concrete ramp had been built at the field. The detachment had grown to 25 officers and 90 men, and authority was obtained to organize the first units of the first and second tractor battalions.

The early training was mostly by trial and error. The Marines still had much to learn about the machines. It was a very usual sight to see one tractor towing another. Mr. Roebeling was of great assistance and permitted the detachments to use his shop facilities.

"During those first months of the school, said Colonel Davies, "every opportunity was made to give the men special mechanical training. One group was sent to a vocational school operated by the state in Clearwater. These men received instructions in automotive electricity and in carburetion. At Tampa's Camp De Sota, other men were sent to classes in motor mechanics, welding, machine shop practice and metal smithing.

During the Winter of 1941-42, organization of the first and second amphibian tractor battalions was completed and the units were transferred. These celebrated battalions saw service in the Solomons and it was their performances that caused the present expansion in the amphibian tractor program. A number of these Solomons veterans are serving as instructors in the school.

In a Marine Corps tractor battalion, there are three companies to a battalion. There are 30 tractors to a company and 100 tractors to a battalion, the extra 10 tractors forming battalion headquarters. Second lieutenants are usually in charge of platoons, and corporals are sergeants and tank commanders.



IN THE MORNING, the amphibians bounce across the stretch of boondocks toward the bay. Tractors are headed for the mangrove islands with students driving.

THE LEATHERNECK

As more and more tractors came off the Dunedin assembly line, the hangar became inadequate for storage. And a large shed, with stalls for many tractors, storerooms, and space for the quartermaster's office and a guard room, was completed in January, 1942.

Size of the detachment had grown to the point where the hotel was overflowing and the backyard was full of tents. In March, 1942, the Commandant visited the post. A little later, authority was obtained to build barracks on the airport tract. In September, 1942, the detachment moved into new barracks. In December of the same year, a new shop and school buildings were completed on site of the hangar.

With the transfer of the first and second amphibian tractor battalions, a new phase of training began at Dunedin. Two schools were started, one for operators and the other for maintenance personnel. At first, the operators' course was a four-week affair and included instruction in running the tractors, semaphore, machine gun firing, preventative maintenance of the tractors, and some field expedients. The maintenance school was a six-weeks course and included theory of internal combustion engines, practical and theoretical automotive electricity, and practical shopwork. In the last named work, the students completely overhauled tractors under the supervision of instructors. During this time, there had been much experimenting, and the amphibian tractors were improving steadily.

With the advent of the Water Buffalo model in the Spring of 1943 and with the amphibians now equipped with the more complicated radial engines, it became necessary to revise the course of instruction. The maintenance course became an intensive, 12-week affair. The operators' course was transferred to another training center. The first of the new maintenance courses started on March 15 of this year, and the last of the classes of operators at Dunedin finished early in May.

**THE MEN:** The quality of the officers is one of the reasons the Amphibian Tractor Detachment at Dunedin is known among the men as a "good duty post."

The majority of Marines serving today with amphibian tractor units all over the world received their training under Colonel Davies, the detachment's capable commanding officer.

Major Carl J. Cagle, one of the Corps' most renowned riflemen, is the officer in charge of maintenance and the maintenance school. Major Cagle was first tank maintenance officer when the Marine Corps began building up its tank forces, for the second time in history, back in 1937. Major Cagle also has had wide experience in motor trans-

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port. He started out as an enlisted man and has 24 years' service in the corps.

Lieutenant James P. Burke's career at the Dunedin school illustrates the opportunities offered in amphibian tractors. As an enlisted man, Burke was a member of the second maintenance class. He served for a while as an instructor. He was a graduate of Holy Cross College. He went to officers candidates class and reserve officers class at Quantico. Then he returned to the Dunedin detachment as an instructor.

Lieutenant Burke said that his mechanical knowledge was very meager when he first came to Dunedin as a private.

"In fact," said Marine Gunner Frank J. Kalin, "the lieutenant didn't know a bogie wheel from a band spring. But he learned fast."

Now Burke is supervisor of the maintenance school.

"At the start of the maintenance course," said Colonel Davies, "instruction is given with the assumption that the students know nothing about mechanics. They even get a refresher course in mathematics. Though some of our students are experienced mechanics, we'd just as soon get boys who know nothing about mechanics."

For the student at the maintenance school, the day begins with reveille

at 0615. If the student is in the Operations or Field Expedients phase of the training, the tractors are started at 0730 and the snorting machines rumble out toward the bay. Soon they're crawling around the waters and little islands of the bay like so many ants.

The other scholars will be in classes until 1130 and most of the afternoon. The work day closes at 1600, but the boys have a lot of studying to do after that.

### THE MAINTENANCE COURSE:

The first week deals with operations and servicing and the men are under the tutelage of Marine Gunner Presley K. Saine, assisted by Gunner Sergeant Gerald Pierce. During this week the tractors are maneuvered among the mangrove islands. There are four men to the tractor, usually, and each man gets about an hour of driving each day. Before the tractors go out in the morning the men are required to check them minutely.

Track Suspension taught by Sergeant Jack De Gennaro is the principal subject of the second week. During this period, the lads learn how to hang tracks with the correct tension, how to change bogie wheels.

The third week, under Marine Gunner Kalin, is devoted to Power Training transfer of power from engine, including transmission, clutch and dif-

ferential. In classrooms, the transmission and differential and other parts are disassembled and assembled.

The fourth week, the scholars study internal combustion engines under Platoon Sergeant Alfred Pratt, including carburation, cooling and lubrication and valve operation. They take apart in-line engines, learn all the component parts and functions of each.

Pfc. Howard Johnson takes the boys in charge for their fourth week with instruction on Basic Electricity. In the sixth week, they take Advanced Ignition under Sergeant Arthur J. Todd. The seventh week is devoted to Practical Work in Ignition under Technical Sergeant Ralph A. Orcutt.

The eighth week is important, for here the students take up the radial engine. Under Sergeant Henry T. Graham they learn the operating components of the engine, valve action, lubrication, valve and ignition timing.

Study of the radial engine, with particular attention to air fuel system and carburation, is continued in the ninth week. Under Sergeant Gordan Lofgren's instruction the Marines make a more detailed study than in the previous week. The tenth week is spent mostly in the shop, trouble-shooting, tearing the whole tank apart and making what is known as 50-hour and 100-hour checks on everything except the electrical system. The parts of the

## The Day the Girls Visited Camp - by *Wally* - 43

HEY, TOM, YOU OL' GREASE MONKEY, MY SWEETIE'S BRINGING SOME WAACS TO CAMP! LIKE TO MEET THEM?

YOU BET! JUST GIMME TIME FOR A LIFEBOUY SHOWER!

C'MON LIFEBOUY, DO YOUR STUFF! I'M PLENTY DIRTY AND SWEATY... AND I DON'T WANT "B.O." TO CRAMP MY STYLE!

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MEBBE IT'S THE WINGS THAT WOW THEM?

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Wherever you're stationed in the month of June Warm weather will hit you - so -

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**BOB BURNS, EX-MARINE, SAYS:**  
YOU'LL SING IN THE SHOWER WHEN YOU SEE THE HEAPS OF HE-MAN LATHER LIFEBOUY GIVES... AND THE WAY IT KAYOS "B.O." DOUBLE-QUICK!

**Tune in BOB BURNS**  
NBC - Thursday Night (See paper for time and station)



electrical system are passed to students in the sixth week of the school. Staff Sergeant William E. Martin and Sergeant Ralph Inman are instructors for the tenth week phase of the training, which is called Preventative Checks.

On each Saturday of the first ten weeks, the men are given written examinations.

The instructors at the amphibian tank detachment are unusually patient. On the average, only one man is eliminated from each class of sixteen men.

"We're willing to make all sort of allowances and let deficit men catch up in their work as long as they're really trying," said Colonel Davies. Lieutenant Burke receives a "disposition grade" each week on each of the students.

The eleventh and twelfth weeks of the course in Field Expedients are the most decisive of the three-month course. All of the working hours are spent in the field, mostly on the mangrove islands. Lieutenant Lunn and Marine Gunner Charles Raper are in charge of the two weeks' instruction. And the scholars are required to apply under the hardest conditions in the mangrove swamps all of the knowledge they have gained in the preceding ten weeks.

Some of the boys at the Maintenance School, specialize. For instance, a number of them simply take three months of welding with no attention to the other instruction. Corporals Joe Popovec and George A. Shimp are in charge of the welders.

Marines finishing Maintenance School, if they finish with an average grade of "85" or better are advanced one rank, automatically, and are recommended for another raise in rank.

**SHOVING OFF:** When it comes time for transfer into an amphibian tractor battalion, most Marines hate to leave the Dunedin detachment. The barracks are located on a grassy pitch by the bay. A quarter of a mile away, across boondocks of soft black loam, are the sheds and school buildings. Statesque herons stand around at the water's edge and the Jimmy Durante pelicans dive for fish. At night, when the moon's out, the white caps of the bay shine like neon lights. Sometimes it doesn't rain for weeks and weeks and it gets pretty hot. But it's a dry, pleasant sort of heat and cool breezes whip up at night from the Gulf.

A lot of the boys say they'll be coming back to Dunedin when the war's over.

THE END

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## MacLeish Lauds Marine Guard

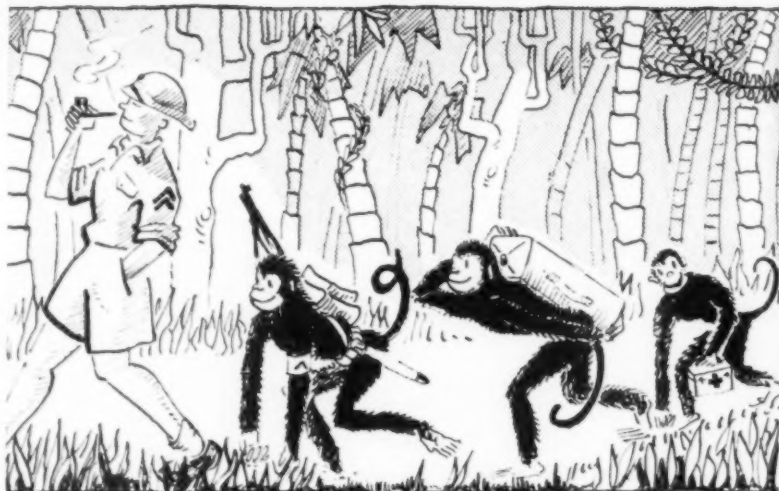
"THE most distinguished guard the nation can offer . . . I mean, of course, the United States Marines."

So read the formal request made by Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, to Secretary Frank Knox for a guard to stand over the original Declaration of Independence when it was placed on public display at Washington, D. C., during week-long ceremonies honoring Thomas Jefferson.

And so United States Marines, "the most distinguished guard the nation can offer," stood guard in the lofty stillness and dignity that is the Jefferson Memorial.

As hundreds and thousands filed past the shrine of Democracy's great president, solemnity was the keynote. The week had its lighter moments, as for instance the time the woman whispered to her husband after studying one Marine guard standing at parade rest, "Isn't he wonderful. He looks just like a dummy." Or the time another woman exclaimed, "See, they're changing the guard. I knew they were real."

Conversations were carried on in muffled tones, however, and most were deadly serious as they approached the giant statute of Thomas Jefferson and



looked reverently down at the rare document resting—sealed in a heavy armored case—at his feet.

There was the Polish general who walked up with his wife and two small children. Softly he read this declaration of freedom to his family. Out of the blood and fires of hate and war in his own country he knew what this document really meant.

One Marine on guard, mentally cursing the rigidity of this bloomin' detail, the hours he had to spend bucking his gear, caught a glance of a figure walking slowly and laboriously up the long steps. He was a Marine lieutenant. He limped. He came close enough for the guard to see the insignia of Guadalcanal on his shoulder and a Purple Heart on his breast.

The lieutenant's lips moved silently as he read . . . "In the course of human events . . . it sometimes becomes . . . happiness . . . independence . . . justice . . . freedom." The guard with the tight cap and stiff back suddenly felt small and rather ashamed. He straightened ever so slightly as he stood at his post.

So the people came and went and they read the words that Thomas Jefferson was so instrumental in composing. Some read long and earnestly, others glanced briefly and moved on. One who photographed the scene was a Rabbi. After spending almost an hour in the rotunda of the memorial he came over to take a last look at the Declaration of Independence. And with a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"Take care of it, boys. It's the only one we've got."

Later Mr. MacLeish wrote Secretary Knox:

"May I express to you my deep appreciation of the really distinguished service given by the Marine Guard in connection with the display at the Jefferson Memorial and at the Library of Congress of the engrossed copy of the Declaration of Independence and the 'rough draft' in Jefferson's handwriting. Colonel Potts, Lt. Colonel Stuart, Captain Kennedy, Sergeant Huntley, and the men detailed to the Guard performed their duties in the best tradition of the Marine Corps which, as the President recently put it, is saying all that can be said."

## Marine College Training Plan

One thousand enlisted men will be included in the plan for operation of the U. S. Marine Corps College Training Program when it gets underway on or around July 1, and the quota should fill an important niche in the broad project that calls for college training for reservists now classified as III (d), enrolled both in secondary schools and in colleges. The latter groups are generally known as the Marine Officers' Candidate Group.

Behind the program is a far-embracing plan to produce officer candidates for the Corps; candidates who, from information and data now obtainable, appear to have the necessary qualifications to assume leadership of men.

Although the scope of the program is based upon the estimated future requirements of the service, there is the possibility that there will be insufficient vacancies in the Marine Corps for commissioning all of the students who make the grade and complete their college training.

If such a situation develops, students who are in excess of the requirements will be given the option of honorable discharge from the Marine Corps Reserve, permitting them

to enter some other branch of the armed services, or they may be assigned to general duty in the Marine Corps.

The candidates for training will be assigned to various colleges and universities in the nation, designations to some extent to be guided by economy in the use of transportation facilities. Military discipline will be established by the Navy and will be administered, to some extent, by the college authorities under official supervision. Pay, uniforms, medical care and hospitalization will conform to regular policies during the training period. Marines in the training, however, will be permitted to join in virtually all campus activities with the exception of any endeavor which might be termed inimical to the best interests of the Corps.

General qualifications for enlisted hopefuls who want to get in the program include graduation from high school with creditable scholarship rating, age between 17 and 23, passing of Marine Corps General Classification Test with a score of not less than 110, and recommendation of the commanding officer.

THE END

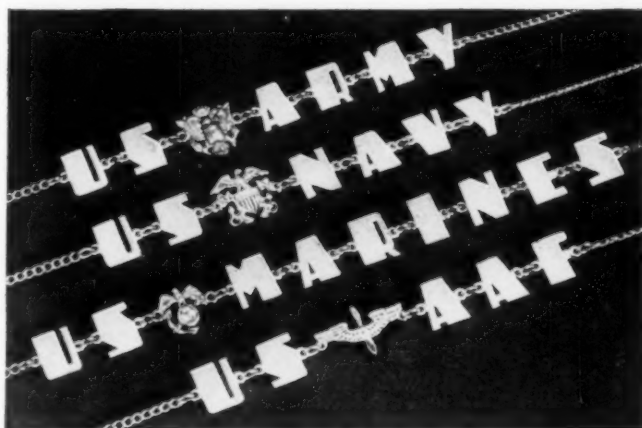
THE END

THE LEATHERNECK



## So he'll mail her a Uris "Embracelet"!

Even V-mail can't carry a message of "love and kisses" as quickly, dramatically, as a Uris "Embracelet"! That's why this handsome jewelry is so popular at Post Exchanges everywhere. • Uris "Embracelets" carry the insignia and name of your branch of the service cut out of solid, ten carat gold letters. They are HAND FINISHED AND ASSEMBLED by New York craftsmen. And they are worn with pride by any fighting man's mother, wife, sweetheart, or sister. • Feature Uris "Embracelets" at the Exchange. They have a wide appeal, from private to ranking officer. And the name URIS, established for over a generation is your assurance that quality will never take a furlough! PRICES JUST AND REASONABLE.



FOR EVERY SERVICE MAN'S "MISS," THERE'S A LOVELY

"Embracelet" by

**URIS**



COPR. 1943, URIS SALES CORP., 222 FOURTH AVE., N. Y.



## DIS-MISSED!

FROM Mary to Postmaster to Pvt. Robert J. Smith, USMC, is a double-play that can often times mean the difference between a rarin'-to-go Leatherneck and a discouraged one wondering what is going on at home.

Letters from home figure as much in morale problems today as good food and recreation. Ask any Marine what he wants most, next to food, and nine chances out of ten he'll say "Mail!"

For that reason, when our troops started going overseas after Pearl Harbor, and the mail sacks started piling up at embarkation points such as San Francisco and New York, the United States Post Office department began to look about for a means of getting mail to men overseas and yet not unreasonably tax the cargo space needed for other supplies.

The dream that seemed to answer all the problems involved was V-Mail—a photographing process whereby the original letter is photographed on 16 mm. film for transmission overseas and then a print made of the film for the recipient.

Today some of the mail is going overseas via V-Mail. The rest is airmail or the usual letter style. Although the percentage of letters by V-Mail has doubled during the past three months, Post Office officials say that the percentage is still as low as ten or twelve per cent.

There are several reasons why all the mail going overseas is not V-Mail. One which is fast losing its importance is that the facilities are not available at all posts, camps and outposts.

Some say that there is not enough room on the post-office furnished form to write a letter. Others think that there is no secrecy.

Both reasons can be blasted sky-high by anyone familiar with V-Mail



### PRIVATE SCREWBALL

Last month Technical Sergeant Frank X. (Tex) Tolbert went to the dogs at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina, for an interesting study on real devil-dogs of the Marine Corps. This month, still leading a sort of animal existence, he turns to "water buffaloes," in a personal visit to the Marine amphibian tractor school at Duncedin, Fla. His detailed account may be found on page 15, but, being a true dog lover, he found time to meet Private Screwball.

Private Screwball, as you will note from the picture, hardly leads a normal dog's life. He often has to fall out for inspection and he is one of the few volunteers for mess duty.

procedure. Here is what happens to Mary's letter to her Smitty:

Mary secures a V-Mail form free from the Postoffice or in the packages sold by stationers. Actual writing

space is about eight inches.

After Mary has written her tender, cheerful note to Pvt. Robert J. Smith, USMC, she sends it as she would an ordinary letter using either a three-cent stamp or airmail if she wants it to get there a little faster.

The letter goes to a central postoffice at an embarkation point where it is "processed," after which it is sped towards Smitty by the fastest possible means. When it reaches Africa, England or Australia, another V-Mail station takes the small 16-mm. photographic reproduction of Mary's letter and prints it on regular paper for Smitty to read.

At the processing station, there is only one chance of her letter being read, and that is by a person who must open the letters at the rate of eight per minute to feed a machine that processes them at the rate of 20,000 per hour. While going through the machine the letters are folded shut. At the other end, the entire operation is mechanical. Everything is done under the eagle eye of a postal inspector.

To avoid letters being lost at sea, V-Mail locks up the original of Mary's letter until the V-Mail-ed letter reaches Pvt. Smith, when the original is burned in an incinerator—still being watched by a postal inspector.

If a ship has trouble with a torpedo, and the mail bags are lost at sea, the V-Mail station immediately re-processes Mary's letter and speeds it again to Pvt. Smith.

During the Christmas rush, Navy shipped out to Marines, Sailors and Coast Guardsmen about 50 million ordinary letters and 15 million air-mail letters. That is a lot of space which might have been used for chow, supplies, or packages of pogy-bait had the letters all been V-Mailed.

A regular mail bag with 3,000 ordinary letters weighs about 65 pounds. Those 3,000 letters on two strips of V-Mail film would weigh a little more than 24 ounces.

THE END

## HEY, MAC!

Send us your new addresses. If you fail to get a copy write to us giving your new and old addresses.

### THE LEATHERNECK

MARINE BARRACKS, 8TH & EYE STS., S. E.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

#### YOUR OLD ADDRESS:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Platoon Number \_\_\_\_\_

Battalion Number \_\_\_\_\_

#### YOUR NEW ADDRESS:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Unit Number or Barracks \_\_\_\_\_

Location: \_\_\_\_\_

Mail This TODAY!



"Next to wives, sweethearts and letters from home, among things our soldiers mention most is Coca-Cola. Of course, our fighting men meet up with Coke many places overseas. But Coca-Cola got there first. Yes siree, Coca-Cola has been a globe-trotter since way back when. It has been sold in more than 100 foreign lands. Even with war and so many Coca-Cola bottling plants in enemy-occupied countries, our fighting men are delighted to find Coca-Cola being bottled right on the

spot in so many places around the globe. And do they go for it when they find it! Who doesn't?"

. . .

Did you know this? There are Coca-Cola bottling plants in: Australia, England, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, India, Iceland, Spain, Bermuda, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Trinidad, Newfoundland, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Nassau, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, British Guiana, Chile, Colombia, Dutch Guiana, Ecuador, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, British Honduras, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, El Salvador.

# They've Got What it Takes!



They know their engines . . . their machine guns—these men in the Air Force ground crews have what it takes "to keep 'em flying"



SURE I SMOKE  
CAMELS. THEY'VE GOT  
WHAT I WANT—  
**MILDNESS AND PLENTY  
OF FLAVOR**

**B**EFORE you simply take it for granted that you're getting all the smoking pleasure there is in a cigarette—

Before you take anyone else's word for a cigarette's mildness, its freedom from irritation, or its flavor—

Try Camels. Put them to the "T-ZONE" test (*below, right*). Let your own taste and throat tell you why Camels are such a favorite in the services and with millions at home.



BUY  
WAR BONDS &  
STAMPS

HIS NAME can't be revealed, but you may remember him—the young mechanic who could always get your car started, somehow. He still smokes Camels (they're the favorite in *all* the services) . . . only now he's grooming B-17E's.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

## Camels

## First in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER  
ALL WAYS. THEY'RE  
EASY ON MY **THROAT**—  
AND A REAL TREAT TO  
MY **TASTE**

THE AIRPLANE PART that Jeanne Flaherty (*right*) turns out is one of the vital parts of a bomber. Jeanne's cigarette? "Camels! They're always smooth, extra mild, and they never go flat on my taste," she says.



The "**T** Zone"  
—where cigarettes  
are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T."



air

g"



son



e

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